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THE CRITIC.

THE TRADITIONAL AND THE PROGRESSIVE.

No subject, however apparently simple, can be treated without reference to other subjects. Indeed, the interest of most subjects consists less in themselves than in the multiplicity of their connexions. Stript of these, only the smallest point remains for the exercise of attention and of thought. This circumstance originates perpetually two opposite defects in writers and in speakers; the one, that of trying for the sake of a mistaken brevity, abruptly to isolate a subject from its natural accompaniments; the second, that of hunting out its every imaginable line of contact. The former defect may become a beauty, when the result of a vigorous and overwhelming logic that accomplishes its purpose by a quick succession of potent blows; the latter may also become a beauty, when the daring divagation of transcendental genius, obeying no law but the divinity of its instinct. Who does not feel that the grandeur of the lightning is in the rapidity of its flash? Who does not feel that the charm of the sunshine is in the prolonged continuance of its universal diffusion? Where the chief characteristic of a writer or of a speaker is power, that power can never be too intense in its concentration, too prompt in its display. Where either is mainly notable for richness and variety of endowment, rather than for the salience of any particular faculty, we should gratefully accept his abundance, without presuming to sneer at its trivial violations of method. The eloquence of DEMOSTHENES is its own standard of symmetry; the exhibition of power in his case is so compact and sustained, as to seize and transfuse us ere our ideal of power is awakened. And, likewise, who would dream of quarrelling with MONTAIGNE, for luxuriating in interminable phantasies which have no relation to the professed topics of his essays? It is only, however, the Great Masters who can place themselves above the rules of criticism, by realizing far more than those rules demand. Inferior spirits must submit to be measured by the exactest measure of the critical; and the innovation which, in the hands of SHAKESPEARE, originates a form of eternal beauty, draws from the clumsy fingers of the modern French Dramatic School the most monstrous abortions. The less there is in any one of the ability to create by a native gift of the mind, the more stringent is the necessity for harmony of parts in whatever he produces; in the same way that in respect to conduct, the less there is in any one of individuality of character, the more indispensable his obedience to the recognized principles of morality. From the admission of some such distinction as that which we have attempted to establish between the unconditional lawlessness of God's chosen few, and the unavoidable bondage of all but men of the highest class in action and in thought, results an easy and welcome mode of reducing to mutual tolerance the world, and the sublime rebels against its venerated authorities in art, in literature, and in other departments of human effort. The rebels and the authorities have both their allotted work; it were well that they always adhered to it, instead of changing so frequently their sphere and manner of operation. ARISTOTLE, HORACE, and their brethren are not to be voted silly praters because some of their favourite canons have been crushed by the magnificent tread of poetic greatness. The careful observance of those very canons has secured the perpetual glory of a lower order of poetic endeavour. The upholders of a common-place and detailed morality are not to be condemned to mockery and scorn, because in its precepts and requirements there is no response to a novelty so holy as the martyrdom of Jesus, or the prophetic voice of Luther. Properly explained, properly understood, criticism and genius are one, as the traditional morality of all times and the stalwart individualism of earth's noblest reformers are one; but this essential unity is disrupted by the imitation of the peculiarities of genius by the mediocre, and by the imitation of the peculiarities of saints and sages by the feeble. Criticism has here room and justification for its scourge; and that morality which may be regarded as the aggregate conscience of humanity, has here legitimate scope for its exercise. But they both commit the blunder of inflicting stripes, not on the imitators, but on the imitated. And genius and individualism, driven to resent the attack, carry the resentment, not against the special injustice before

them, but against the whole objects and influence of criticism and traditional morality. Thus, criticism becomes ridiculous by the noisiest assumption of infallibility where it is least infallible, and grows nerveless for the salutary administration of discipline where discipline is most wanted. Thus, traditional morality is shorn of its strength, to bless, by trying to bind in the small cords of current maxims, one of the giants cast forth by God at the interval of centuries for the furtherance of human emancipation. Thus genius, in its wrath, is hurried into exaggerations and eccentricities which impair its vigour, and dim its brightness, corrupt taste, excuse the quackeries of those who hide themselves under the shadow of its wing, and prepare those periods of barrenness when a cold classicality and the negations of a timid propriety are substituted for the positive attributes of perfection. Thus, individualism, stung by the taunts of a Franklinian prudence, riots madly in the exuberance of its energy, tramples remorselessly on subordinate duties, because they do not rise to the height of its own leading impulse and conviction of duty, and generates that fury of conservative reaction so disastrous to freedom, so hostile to progression. Let us lend our aid in restoring criticism and genius, traditional morality, and individualism to their fit position relatively to each other; for never was that restoration so much needed as now. And, as a first step, let us scowl down the literary pruriency which, for the reckless accumulation of incongruities, claims the glory that genius, fresh, fertile, fervent, merits; and let us denude of its gaudy garment that shallow, frivolous, ostentatious singularity which stalks with blushless front through society the sham and the caricature of a bold individualism. There are men such as LUCIAN and VOLTAIRE, whose talent, whose destiny, whose renown it is to be stormers of folly, falsehood, absurdity, and prejudice. It is not men of this description that are at present required to give health to the heart and intellect of the community. We need heroes of the LESSING mould; men loving the truth for the truth's sake; thoroughly honest, independent, generous, without the parade of superior virtue; having that self-denial of genius which prevents all morbid longing for the loud but transient reputation of the day, and enables it to work tranquilly and believingly for the future; having too much of sympathy, and faith and hope to be soured by disappointment or ingratitude; employing the critical, not as a mass of frozen formulas, to be dashed at the warm breast of youthful aspiration, but as the guardian and guide of the creative; never making war with conventional morality, except when it trammels their directness of march, their liberty of movement, and thwarts their existence as facts, nor with Charlatans, except when these are the main obstacles to their benevolent and comprehensive purposes. For men of this stamp the harvest is most plentiful in the cant of Religion, in the juggles of Theology, in the tricks of Politics, in the daubings of Art, in the superficialities of Literature. The work which we allot to these men asks a peculiar combination of faculties, but the grand faculty of all is an earnest and affectionate soul. Let them possess this, and they are fully panoplied for their career. This will give the seeing eye and the eloquent lips. And as we do not despair, in spite of prevailing hollowness and degeneracy, of seeing men similar to those whom we have delineated arise, though they may be few, let us say a word or two of the principal temptation to which they will be exposed. We do not conceive that they will be seduced by the bribes of the powerful, or by the pleasures of sense, or by the glitterings of fashion. But they run sore risk of being made unconsciously the tools of a party; and they may make the sacrifices of Martyrs for the base schemes of party men, and be thus unwittingly the opponents of the cause to which their magnanimity is devoted. Let them wear no party livery, therefore, and spurn all party name. Let them wisely distinguish amid the turmoil of the actual that which belongs to party from that which belongs to civilization. Every popular question has a sectarian aspect and a philosophical aspect. Its sectarian aspect exhibits it mingling in all the squabbles of faction, disguised by innumerable sophistries, struggling for life amid the falsehoods of the day, seized, now by the selfish as an instrument of ambitious, now by the generous as a weapon of enthusiastic philanthropy, and, after having cast forth its measure of vigor and benefit to the aggregate of human

results, effaced by some new antagonism from the scene of human contentions. Its philosophical aspect presents it as a portion of history, as a link in the development of social existence, as an illuminating fact for every successive theory of legislation, as an everlasting conquest for the civilized world, and for those whom that world may find as its recorders and appreciators. As long as a popular question retains much of its sectarian aspect it is unwise to grapple with its philosophy. How disunite the question from other kindred questions? How consider the question in an entirety which it has not yet attained? How avoid an attitude of attack or of defence, when placed in the midst of many who are attacking and defending? How possess calm and breadth of vision when surrounded by the dust of combat? Philosophical tact is the best proof of philosophical acuteness and comprehension. And, indeed, in all departments of human effort, tact, the exquisite perception of propriety, is the surest index of superior power. In literature or in the fine arts the choice of a bad subject, or of an unsuitable time for the treatment of a subject, is never a blunder, but always a defect. Philosophical tact is more an intuition than any other species of tact; by the poet or the painter, tact may, to a considerable extent, be acquired; in the philosopher it can only be slightly augmented; therefore it is more easy to originate and prolong all quackeries than philosophical quackeries. The tact of SHAKSPERE grew immensely with the growth of his faculties; that of SPINOZA, KANT, and FICHTE, scarcely changed. In nothing is the absence of philosophical tact more strikingly shown than in the feverish impatience to seize the eternal element of the temporary before the temporary has ceased. Let the temporary altogether expire, and let the eternal fully arise, and then judge of their significance. All questions suffer from premature involvement of their social and spiritual import; but none has ever suffered from a delay of that involvement. Many points in the experience of humanity have been weighed too soon in the balance of philosophy; but where can we find one that has been weighed too late? The chief obstacle to investigation, deep in its thought, and wide in its scope, is never the absence of facts; for these ever abound to the abounding mind; but the impertinent intrusion of sciolists into the field of inquiry, who disfigure the historical, mistake semblances for realities, judge realities before they have arrived as such at their immortal fixedness and symmetry. There is more time unavoidably spent in tearing into shreds the entanglements which dabbles in thinking weave round the chronicles of the earth than in tracing those chronicles in their majestic march of order and of beauty. And whence, but from the general inability to see where the popular of a question ends, and where its philosophical begins, do such dabbles derive such boundless capacity of mischief? We are always sorry to see men of genius committing the blunder of trying to cover some sectarian topic with the lustre of their acquirements. For their additional power and influence, instead of elevating, as they suppose, the transitory to the permanent, only serve to drag down the permanent to the level of the transitory. The shallow, the pretentious, the pragmatical, are dexterous enough in bringing confusion to the passing subjects on which they affect to throw the light of a higher wisdom; but in the treatment of such subjects none can degrade philosophy but philosophers. Every fool is sufficient to hang a mist round any point that he may touch; successive gleams of intellectual sunshine can drive that mist away. But the fire given from heaven to the divinely endowed, for divine purposes, consumes, instead of irradiating, when cast on the ordinary transactions of the hour. Therefore be warned, whosoever thou art, that feelest within thee the promptings to a divine labour for thy fellow creatures, be warned against those party fetters and those sectarian views and tendencies that will dwarf thee down to the dimensions of the ambitious scramblers whom thou despisest. Go forth in thy apostolic simplicity and ardour to the redemption that thy God hath appointed thee to evolve, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, refusing no aid and no sympathy which men animated by the same spirit as thee offer thee, but sufficing unto thyself when thou art compelled to march and to battle alone.

KENNETH MORENCY.

PHILOSOPHY.

Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy; delivered at the Royal Institution, in the years 1804, 1805, and 1806. By the late Rev. SYDNEY SMITH, M.A. London: Longman and Co.

SYDNEY SMITH is so justly famed as the greatest humourist of modern times, that the world will be loath to award to him any distinguished fame as a philosopher. In the estimation of the vulgar, wit is always allied with levity, and wisdom with gravity. But they who have read much, observed much, and reflected much, will acknowledge that humour springs from no shallow source, but is the product of the deepest and richest intellectual mind. It is *always* associated with the profoundest wisdom, and the greatest humourists the world has seen have been at the same time the truest philosophers. SHAKSPERE, CERVANTES, RABELAIS, HOOD, and SYDNEY SMITH, gave to mankind more new truths than any dozen of those who have made philosophy a profession, and uttered dogmas which are repeated, parrot-like, from generation to generation, but which never enter into the practical life and business of the world.

SYDNEY SMITH, it seems, some years since, delivered a series of lectures on Moral Philosophy, at the Royal Institution. They were not well attended, for he was not then known to fame, and the subject was not in itself popular. It needs a name, even more than a subject, to attract a fashionable audience to a London lecture room. The contracted audience induced the lecturer to seek a wider sphere of usefulness, by publishing the lectures which had certainly pleased the few who heard them; he consulted Lord JEFFERY upon the suggestion, but he pronounced an adverse opinion, and the idea did not proceed further than the printing of a hundred copies for private distribution. The eagerness with which everything, however trivial, that proceeded from his pen or his lips is now sought for by the public, has induced his family to offer to the reading world a republication of the lectures, even with the old protest of Lord JEFFERY against them.

And they have done rightly. The lectures did not deserve the sentence passed upon them by the great critic. Perhaps he had not read them with attention (they were sent to him in manuscript); perhaps they did not quite coincide with his own theories; perhaps, like others, he looked upon his friend as essentially a wit, and assumed that he could not also be a philosopher. But JEFFERY was not a man to shrink from owning himself in the wrong. When the proposal for publishing them was made after the author's death, he was again requested to read them, and give his impartial opinion of their worth. This time he received them *in print*, with a better knowledge of his friend's actual capacities, and, therefore, he read them attentively. The result was, that his first hasty judgment was entirely reversed. Only three days before he was seized with his last fatal illness, he thus wrote of them to SYDNEY SMITH'S widow:—

I am now satisfied that in what I then said, I did great and grievous injustice to the merit of these lectures, and was quite wrong in dissuading their publication, or concluding they would add nothing to the reputation of the author; on the contrary, my firm impression is, that, with a few exceptions, they will do him as much credit as anything he ever wrote, and produce, on the whole, a stronger impression of the force and veracity of his intellect, as well as a *truer*

and more engaging view of his character, than most of what the world has yet seen of his writings.

This verdict will have the ready assent of all who read them. They are in every respect worthy of his genius and his fame. The traces of his eloquence and wit are to be found in them abundantly. They prove that he could think deeply, and they exhibit that courage in the candid expression of his opinions which distinguished him through life. They are, of course, founded upon the philosophy then prevalent in Scotland, and which still bears the name of its native country, and of which STEWART, REID, and BROWN are the representatives: he has not, therefore, based his scheme upon the principle now recognised as applicable to mental as to physical science, and of which BACON was the parent in England. But he does not servilely follow his masters. He dares to speak for himself when his keen intellect cannot assent to their conclusions.

The best, most interesting, and most truthful portions of this series are the lectures on the passions. When analyzing these he becomes very eloquent, and evidently revels in the description of their effects, and subtle inquiry into their causes. He is enabled to bring his peculiar qualities of mind more particularly to bear upon these, for they afford ampler scope for discourse than the more subtle elements of the mind.

He arranges his subject in three divisions. Commencing with an analysis of the thinking powers,—perception, conception, and reasoning, he proceeds to analyze the faculty of taste, which we should term the *sentiments*, and he concludes with a review of the active powers of the mind, the passions, the desires, and the will, which we should term the *propensities*, because they are common to animals as to ourselves. He thus adopts, under other names, the classification of the phrenologists.

We do not, of course, introduce these lectures to our readers with an approval of the *system* of mental philosophy they are intended to propound. In common with all who hold that mental science is a part of physiology and to be studied experimentally, we should differ from him largely in his argument, and especially in respect of the analysis of the intellectual faculties. But the lectures are not the less full of valuable suggestion and eloquent description, which the reader will profitably apply to the exposition of his own more exact system.

Such a book cannot be exhibited by extract, for it would be impossible to pursue a continuous argument: we cannot attempt to do more than present to our readers a few specimens of the tone and style, taken without order, but each complete and valuable for reading and preservation, apart from its context.

He very aptly describes the effect of

ASSOCIATION.

I remember once seeing an advertisement in the papers, with which I was much struck; and which I will take the liberty of reading:—"Lost, in the Temple Coffee-house, and supposed to be taken away by mistake, an oaken stick, which has supported its master not only over the greatest part of Europe, but has been his companion in his journeys over the inhospitable deserts of Africa; whoever will restore it to the waiter, will confer a very serious obligation on the advertiser; or, if that be any object, shall receive a recompense very much above the value of the article restored." Now, here is a man, who buys a sixpenny stick, because it is useful; and, totally forgetting the trifling causes which first made his stick of any consequence, speaks of it with warmth

and affection; calls it his companion; and would hardly have changed it, perhaps, for the gold stick which is carried before the king. But the best and the strongest example of this, and of the customary progress of association, is in the passion of avarice. A child only loves a guinea because it shines: and, as it is equally splendid, he loves a gilt button as well. In after-life, he begins to love wealth, because it affords him the comforts of existence; and then loves it so well, that he denies himself the common comforts of life to increase it. The uniting idea is so totally forgotten, that it is completely sacrificed to the ideas which it unites. Two friends unite against the person to whose introduction they are indebted for their knowledge of each other; exclude him their society, and ruin him by their combination.

Thus he illustrates the influence of

HABITS.

Habit uniformly and constantly strengthens all our active exertions: whatever we do often, we become more and more apt to do. A snuff-taker begins with a pinch of snuff per day, and ends with a pound or two every month. Swearing begins in anger; it ends by mingling itself with ordinary conversation. Such-like instances are of too common notoriety to need that they be adduced; but, as I before observed, at the very time that the tendency to do the thing is every day increasing, the pleasure resulting from it is, by the blunted sensibility of the bodily organ, diminished; and the desire is irresistible, though the gratification is nothing. There is rather an entertaining example of this in Fielding's "Life of Jonathan Wild," in that scene where he is represented as playing at cards with the Count, a professed gambler. "Such," says Mr. Fielding, "was the power of habit over the minds of these illustrious persons, that Mr. Wild could not keep his hands out of the Count's pockets, though he knew they were empty; nor could the Count abstain from palming a card, though he was well aware Mr. Wild had no money to pay him."

SYDNEY SMITH could not, or would not, venture upon a pun. His wit was never a mere play upon words; there was a meaning in the thought. Hence, he pronounces so emphatically against

PUNS.

I have mentioned puns. They are, I believe, what I have denominated them—the wit of words. They are exactly the same to words which wit is to ideas, and consist in the sudden discovery of relations in language. A pun, to be perfect in its kind, should contain two distinct meanings; the one common and obvious; the other, more remote; and in the notice which the mind takes of the relation between these two sets of words, and in the surprise which that relation excites, the pleasure of a pun consists. Miss Hamilton, in her book on Education, mentions the instance of a boy so very neglectful, that he could never be brought to read the word *patriarchs*; but whenever he met with it he always pronounced it *partridges*. A friend of the writer observed to her, that it could hardly be considered as a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy, in calling them partridges, was *making game* of the patriarchs. Now here are two distinct meanings contained in the same phrase: for to make game of the patriarchs is to laugh at them; or to make game of them is, by a very extravagant and laughable sort of ignorance of words, to rank them among pheasants, partridges, and other such delicacies, which the law takes under its protection, and calls *game*: and the whole pleasure derived from this pun consists in the sudden discovery that two such different meanings are referable to one form of expression. I have very little to say about puns; they are in very bad repute, and so they ought to be. The wit of language is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas, that it is very deservedly driven out of good company. Sometimes, indeed, a pun makes its appearance, which seems for a moment to redeem its species; but we must not be deceived by them: it is a radically bad race of wit. By unremitting persecution, it has been at last got under, and driven into cloisters,—from whence it must never again be suffered to emerge into the light of the world.

He was more tolerant of

BULLS AND CHARADES.

A bull,—which must by no means be past over in this recapitulation of the family of wit and humour,—a bull is exactly the counterpart of a witticism: for as wit discovers real relations that are not apparently bulls admit apparent relations that are not real. The pleasure arising from bulls, proceeds from our surprise at suddenly discovering two things to be dissimilar in which a resemblance might have been suspected. The same doctrine will apply to wit and bulls in action. Practical wit discovers connexion or relation between actions, in which duller understandings discover none; and practical bulls originate from an apparent relation between two actions, which more correct understandings immediately perceive to have none at all. In the late rebellion in Ireland, the rebels, who had conceived a high degree of indignation against some great banker, passed a resolution that they would burn his notes,—which they accordingly did, with great assiduity,—forgetting, that in burning his notes they were destroying his debts, and that for every note which went into the flames, a correspondent value went into the banker's pocket. A gentleman, in speaking of a nobleman's wife, of great rank and fortune, lamented very much that she had no children. A medical gentleman, who was present, observed, that to have no children was a great misfortune, but he thought he had remarked it was *hereditary* in some families. Take any instance of this branch of the ridiculous, and you will always find an apparent relation of ideas leading to a complete inconsistency.

I shall say nothing of charades, and such sort of unpardonable trumpery: if charades are made at all, they should be made without benefit of clergy, the offender should instantly be hurried off to execution, and be cut off in the middle of his dulness, without being allowed to explain to the executioner why his first is like his second, or what is the resemblance between his fourth and his ninth.

There is a profound truth in the next we take.

That virtue gives happiness, we all know; but if it be true, that happiness contributes to virtue, the principle furnishes us with some sort of excuse for the errors and excesses of able young men, at the bottom of life, fretting with impatience under their obscurity, and hatching a thousand chimeras of being neglected and overlooked by the world. The natural cure for these errors is, the sunshine of prosperity: as they get happier, they get better; and learn, from the respect which they receive from others, to respect themselves. "Whenever," says Mr. Lancaster (in his book just published), "I met with a boy particularly mischievous, I made him a monitor: I never knew this fail." The cause for the promotion, and the kind of encouragement it must occasion, I confess appear rather singular; but of the effect, I have no sort of doubt.

The reader will be curious to learn SYDNEY SMITH's opinion of

WITS AND WITLINGS.

I wish, after all I have said about wit and humour, I could satisfy myself of their good effects upon the character and disposition; but I am convinced the probable tendency of both is, to corrupt the understanding and the heart. I am not speaking of wit where it is kept down by more serious qualities of mind, and thrown into the background of the picture; but where it stands out boldly and emphatically, and is evidently the master quality in any particular mind. Professed wits, though they are generally courted for the amusement they afford, are seldom respected for the qualities they possess. The habit of seeing things in a witty point of view, increases, and makes incursions from its own proper regions, upon principles and opinions which are ever held sacred by the wise and good. A witty man is a dramatic performer: in process of time, he can no more exist without applause than he can exist without air; if his audience be small, or if they are inattentive, or if a new wit defrauds him of any portion of his admiration, it is all over with him,—he sickens, and is extinguished. The applauses of the theatre on which he performs are so essential to him, that he must obtain them at the expense of decency, friendship, and

good feeling. It must always be *probable*, too, that a mere wit is a person of light and frivolous understanding. His business is not to discover relations of ideas that are *useful*, and have a real influence upon life, but to discover the more trifling relations which are only amusing; he never looks at things with the naked eye of common sense, but is always gazing at the world through a Claude Lorraine glass,—discovering a thousand appearances, which are created only by the instrument of inspection, and covering every object with factitious and unnatural colours. In short, the character of a mere wit it is impossible to consider as very amiable, very respectable, or very safe. So far the world, in judging of wit, where it has swallowed up all other qualities, judge aright; but I doubt if they are sufficiently indulgent to this faculty, where it exists in a lesser degree, and as one out of many other ingredients of the understanding. There is an association in men's minds between dulness and wisdom, amusement and folly, which has a very powerful influence in decision upon character, and is not overcome without considerable difficulty. The reason is, that the *outward* signs of a dull man and a wise man are the same, and so are the outward signs of a frivolous man and a witty man; and we are not to expect that the majority will be disposed to look to much more than the outward sign. I believe the fact to be, that wit is very seldom the *only* eminent quality which resides in the mind of any man; it is commonly accompanied by many other talents of every description, and ought to be considered as a strong evidence of a fertile and superior understanding. Almost all the great poets, orators, and statesmen of all times, have been witty. Cæsar, Alexander, Aristotle, Descartes, and Lord Bacon, were witty men; so were Cicero, Shakspeare, Demosthenes, Boileau, Pope, Dryden, Fontenelle, Jonson, Waller, Cowley, Solon, Socrates, and Dr. Johnson, and almost every man who has made a distinguished figure in the House of Commons. I have talked of the *danger* of wit: I do not mean by that to enter into common-place declamation against faculties because they are dangerous: wit is dangerous, eloquence is dangerous, a talent for observation is dangerous, *every* thing is dangerous that has efficacy and vigour for its characteristics: nothing is safe but mediocrity. The business is, in conducting the understanding well, to risk something; to aim at uniting things that are commonly incompatible. The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is *eight* men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much *better* than witty, who loves honour, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit,—wit is *then* a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men, than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness,—teaching age, and care, and pain, to smile,—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this, is surely the *flavour of the mind*! Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his pained steps over the burning marle."

All things have their use, and so have

THE PASSIONS.

The passions are in morals, what motion is in physics; they create, preserve, and animate; and without them, all would be silence and death. Avarice guides men across the deserts of the ocean; pride covers the earth with trophies, and mausoleums, and pyramids; love turns men from their savage rudeness; ambition shakes

the very foundations of kingdoms. By the love of glory, weak nations swell into magnitude and strength. Whatever there is of terrible, whatever there is of beautiful in human events, all that shakes the soul to and fro, and is remembered while thought and flesh cling together,—all these have their origin from the passions. As it is only in storms, and when their coming waters are driven up into the air, that we catch a sight of the depths of the sea, it is only in the season of perturbation that we have a glimpse of the real internal nature of man. It is then only that the might of these eruptions shaking his frame, dissipate all the feeble coverings of opinion, and rend in pieces that cobweb veil, with which fashion hides the feelings of the heart. It is then only that Nature speaks her genuine feelings; and as at the last night of Troy, when Venus illumined the darkness, Æneas saw the gods themselves at work,—so may we, when the blaze of passion is flung upon man's nature, mark in him the signs of a celestial origin, and tremble at the invisible agents of God!

Look at great men in critical and perilous moments, when every cold and little spirit is extinguished: their passions always bring them out harmless; and at the very moment when they seem to perish, they emerge into greater glory. Alexander, in the midst of his mutinous soldiers; Frederick of Prussia, combating against the armies of three kingdoms; Cortes, breaking in pieces the Mexican empire;—their passions led all these great men to fix their attention strongly upon the objects of their desires; they saw them under aspects unknown to, and unseen by, common men, and which enabled them to conceive and execute those hardy enterprises, deemed rash and foolish, till their wisdom was established by their success. It is in fact the great passions alone which enable men to distinguish between what is difficult and what is impossible,—a distinction always confounded by merely sensible men,—who do not even suspect the existence of those means, which men of genius employ to effect their object. It is only passion which gives a man that high enthusiasm for his country, and makes him regard it as the only object worthy of human attention,—an enthusiasm, which to common eyes appears madness and extravagance,—but which always creates fresh powers of mind, and commonly ensures their ultimate success.

He dwells emphatically on the importance of early impressing upon young persons the necessity of despising ridicule. It is a lesson that must be learned some day, if a man would achieve greatness of any kind, or even prosper, and it is easier learned, and with less pain, in youth than in after-life.

I know of no principle which it is of more importance to fix in the minds of young people than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachments of ridicule. Give up to the world, and to the ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion, every trifling question of manner and appearance: it is to toss courage and firmness to the winds, to combat with the mass upon such subjects as these. But learn from the earliest days to insure your principles against the perils of ridicule: you can no more exercise your reason, if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life, if you are in the constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear,—do it, not for insolence, but seriously and grandly,—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean, if you know you are just; hypocritical, if you are honestly religious; pusillanimous, if you feel that you are firm: resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect; and no after-time can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause.

We conclude with a new but very truthful observation:

HAPPINESS BREEDS HAPPINESS.

Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them

happy twenty years hence, by the memory of it. A childhood passed with a due mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole of life a feeling of calm pleasure; and, in extreme old age, is the very last remembrance which time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life, from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure: and it is most probably the recollection of their past pleasures, which contributes to render old men so inattentive to the scenes before them; and carries them back to a world that is past, and to scenes never to be renewed again.

Every Book-Club should immediately order this volume, for it will be of permanent value to the library. E. W. C.

SCIENCE.

A Narrative of Arctic Discovery from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, with the Details of the Measures adopted by Her Majesty's Government for the Relief of the Expedition under Sir John Franklin. By JOHN J. SHILLINGLAW. 8vo. London: Shoberl.

It has necessarily been the fortune of THE CRITIC, during its career as one of the scientific historiographers of the age, to chronicle many events of great and universal interest, but never has it fallen to its lot to record anything of so all-absorbing a character as the inquiry into the fate of our gallant countryman, Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, and the brave fellows under his command.

Throughout the whole length and breadth of Old England,—from Land's End to John o'Groats,—in the Naval profession, and the ranks of Science, where he is alike distinguished,—in the breast of every individual by whom he is known and beloved,—thank God, a noble anxiety is awakened, and his fate, and the best means for his rescue, form almost the only topics of conversation.

If a melancholy, in some respects, it has certainly been a pleasing duty for us to keep our readers au courant of all that has been doing, whether by public or private enterprise, to attain this much-to-be-desired end, and heartily do we trust that the expeditions now engaged, and about to sail to the Icy Regions in the search, may fulfil their noble mission, so that we may yet have the supreme gratification to rejoice in success. "How many," as our author truly says, "whose names never meet the world's ear, whose tears are unseen by the world's eye, watch for the result."

Sixty years ago, and the same excitement existed among our Gallic neighbours, relative to LA PEROUSE, and the mere mention of his name caused them as much anxiety as does that of FRANKLIN now. Heaven send that, unlike the great French Navigator, and his unfortunate comrades, our brave countryman may return to his native land, to receive, at the hands of a grateful people, the reward of his terrible sufferings.

With a firm reliance on that Almighty Power which has before delivered him from similar, and probably more imminent, perils, and after deep and anxious deliberation on the whole question, we put into words the beautiful allegory expressed by the figure on the cover of the work, of HOPE pointing to Heaven, and say "*Dum spiro spero.*"

At the moment when the search is about to be vigorously renewed, the book before us cannot fail to be particularly welcome, and as

a text-book for the Searching Expedition, we should think would prove exceedingly valuable; whilst to all who take any interest (and who does not?) in the gallant chief, whose bold, sailor-like, and admirable portrait forms the frontispiece,—to all who are fond of a narrative of adventure, which yields to none in absorbing interest,—to all who are proud of the name of Englishman,—we can cordially recommend this volume.

BIOGRAPHY.

Selections from the Poems and Letters of Bernard Barton. Edited by his Daughter. London: Hall, Virtue and Co.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

BARTON's criticisms of contemporary authors are few, and all that are here preserved refer to obscure books. The following was his opinion of

MR. MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Tupper and his Proverbial Philosophy are old familiar acquaintance of mine. There is good stuff in the book, but it strikes me as too wordy and inflated in its diction; and is of a non-descript class in literature—neither prose nor poetry. Thou wilt say, perhaps, the same objection applies to our old favourite, "The Economy of Human Life;" but that, though Oriental in its style, like the language of the "Old Testament," affects much less of the rhythm and flow of verse. Besides, I have a notion, though I have not seen it now for many years, it was originally put forth as a pretended ancient MS., which may be an excuse for its pomp of phrase. Yet even Dodsley is far less inflated than Tupper. But compare either with the phraseology of Scripture, of which both are to a certain extent imitations, and their artificiality is very striking. The longer I live, Mary, the more I love a simple and natural tone of expression, and the more I eschew all sorts of Babylonish dialects. Tupper does better to dip into, and shines in quotation; but, like all artificial writers, is apt to become wearisome if long dwelt on.

That BARTON was susceptible of strong impressions, is evident. His account of London has much freshness about it.

BARTON'S IDEA OF LONDON.

I never fancy to myself that much, if aught, of personal identity can hang about folks in London; that they can see, hear, smell, or think, talk, and feel, as people do in the country. I can obscurely understand how Cockneys, born and bred, or such as are even long resident in Cockaigne, and therefore native to that strange element, may in course of time acquire a sort of borrowed nature, and by virtue of it, a kind of artificial individuality; but I never was in London long enough to get at this, and have always seemed, when there, not to be myself, but very much as if I were walking in a dream, or like a bit of sea-weed blown off some cliff or beach, and drifting with the current—one knew not why or how. In a coffee-room, up one of those queer long dark inn yards, I have felt more like myself;—there is more of quiet; folks often sit in boxes apart, and talk in a kind of under tone; or when they do not, the united effect of so many voices becomes a sort of indistinct hum or buzz, relieved at intervals by the swinging to and fro of the coffee-room door, the clatter of plates, the jingle of glasses, or the rustle of the newspaper, often turned over. I have spent an hour or two after my fashion in this way, at the Four Swans, Belle Sauvage, Bolt-in-Tun, Spread Eagle, and other coach houses, by no means unpleasantly, seemingly reading the paper, and sipping my tea or coffee, wine or toddy, but really catching some amusing scraps of the talk going on round, and speculating on the characters of the talkers. But the greatest luxury London had to give, is gone with my poor old friend Allan Cunningham. It was worth something to steal out of the din and hubbub of crowded streets into those large, still, cathedral-like rooms of Chantry's, populous with phantom-like statues, or groups of statues as large, or larger, than life; some tinted with dust and time, others of spectral whiteness, but all silent and solemn; to roam about among these,

hearing nothing but the distant murmur of rolling carriages, now and then the clink of the workman's chisel in some of the yards or workshops, but chiefly the low, deliberate, often amusing, and always interesting talk of honest Allan, in broad Scotch. A morning of this sort was well worth going up to London on purpose for.

And his description of a Court of Justice is worth preserving.

I have been for two days turning over to me a new leaf in the varied volume of human life; having been subpoenaed as a witness to the Assizes, on a trivial cause, where my evidence was deemed requisite. So I have spent two days in Court, one in the Crown or Criminal side, and one in the Nisi Prius Court. As I had never before seen anything of the administration of justice, I could not but feel greatly interested in the proceedings, more especially in those of the Criminal Court. In the other, the only trial I heard was a tedious squabble about throwing up the lease of a house at Newmarket, in which there appeared to me a confused and contradictory mass of evidence on the part of near thirty witnesses, and a great waste of words on the part of four counsel, with a charge equally bewildering on the part of the learned judge, who honestly told the jury at the opening of it, that he was very thankful the case was in their hands and not in his for ultimate decision. The case on which I went was not called, so for my comfort I have to go again to-morrow, and shall be thankful if I then get quit of it. I should be sorry to spend any great portion of my life in such an atmosphere; physically and morally, it struck me as anything but a healthy one. Still there is much that is very imposing in many of its forms and ceremonies, though blended, I thought, with some childish mummery, at least as far as respected the dress of the learned judge presiding in the Criminal Court; the wig denoting the masculine, and the drapery below appearing to me anything but manly. Yet, as the cortege drove up with a flourish of trumpets, and a line of javelin men, &c. &c., and my thoughts travelled to the cells of the jail behind, where, on these occasions, there must often be human beings waiting the result of a trial, whose issue to them must be life or death, there was a thrilling feeling of solemnity excited by the scene altogether. It seemed to bring before me an inconceivably more awful and solemn tribunal, when the last trumpet shall sound, when the dead shall be raised, and the Great Assize, whose verdict shall be for Eternity, must be held on the countless myriads who have existed through all the successive ages of time.

Of the letters addressed to BARTON, those from SOUTHEY and LAMB occupy a prominent place. But many of these fall dull and cold on the ear, for want of the connecting links which BARTON's letters to them would furnish. Some of SOUTHEY's letters contain, as we have seen, serious advice—others are full of prophecy. His opinion of WORDSWORTH, dated in 1814, was thus:

Wordsworth's residence and mine are fifteen miles asunder; a sufficient distance to preclude any frequent interchange of visits. I have known him nearly twenty years, and, for about half that time, intimately. The strength and the character of his mind you see in the "Excursion," and his life does not belie his writings; for in every relation of life, and every point of view, he is a truly exemplary and admirable man. In conversation he is powerful beyond any of his contemporaries; and as a poet, I speak not from the partiality of friendship, nor because we have been so absurdly held up as both writing upon one concerted system of poetry, but with the most deliberate exercise of impartial judgment whereof I am capable, when I declare my full conviction that posterity will rank him with Milton.

SOUTHEY's praise of BARTON's verses was always either qualified, or very cautiously expressed. SOUTHEY suggested to the Quaker poet to write the poem on NAPOLEON. But he afterwards took grave objections to BARTON's mode of treating the subject. One of the letters from SOUTHEY is valuable as a piece of criticism, and it faintly praises the embryo Peace Movement. It was written in 1822.

Thank you for your volume, which I received three hours ago, long enough to have read the principal poem, and a large portion of the minor ones. They do you great credit. Nothing can be better than the descriptive and sentimental parts. In the reasoning ones you sometimes appear to me to have fallen into Charles Lloyd's prosing vein. The verse indeed is better than his, but the matter sometimes (though rarely), like much of his later compositions, incapable of deriving any advantage from metre. The seventh stanza is the strongest example of this. On the other hand, this is well compensated by many rich passages and a frequent felicity of expression. Your poem, if it had suited your object so to have treated it, might have derived further interest from a view of Buonaparte's system of policy, the end at which he aimed, and the means which he used. I believe that no other individual ever occasioned so much wretchedness and evil as the direct consequence of his own will and pleasure. His partisans acknowledge that the attempted usurpation of Spain was his sole act, and it was so palpably unjust, that the very generals who served him in it condemn it without reserve. That war, in its progress and consequences, has not cost so little as a million of lives, and the account is far from being closed.

You will not like Buonaparte the better, perhaps, if I confess to you that, had it not been for him, I should perhaps have assented to your general principle concerning the unlawfulness of war in its full extent. But when I saw that he was endeavouring to establish a military despotism throughout Europe, which, if not successfully withstood abroad, must at last have reached us on our own shores, I considered him as a Philistine or a heathen, and went for a doctrine applicable to the times, to the books of Judges and Maccabees. Nevertheless, I will fairly acknowledge that the doctrine of non-resistance, connected with non-obedience, is the strongest point of Quakerism. And nothing can be said against it, but that the time for the general acceptance is not yet come. Would to God that it were nearer than it appears to be.

LAMB's letters are amusing, and thoroughly LAMB-like. There is no mistaking them, and no chance of escaping from liking them. His criticisms are unique, and yet uncritical. Thus he wrote of

MARTIN'S BELSHAZZAR.

June 11th, 1827.

Martin's Belshazzar (the picture) I have seen; its architectural effect is stupendous, but the human figures, the squalling contorted little antics that are playing at being frightened, like children at a sham ghost who half know it to be a mask, are detestable. Then the letters are nothing more than a transparency lighted up, such as a lord might order to be lit up on a sudden at a Christmas gambol, to scare the ladies. The type is as plain as Baskerville's; they should have been dim, full of mystery;—letters to the mind rather than the eye. Rembrandt has painted a Belshazzar and a courtier or two (taking a part of the banquet for the whole), not fribbled out a mob of fine folks. Then everything is so distinct, to the very necklaces; and that foolish little prophet—what one point is there of interest? The ideal of such a subject is that you, the spectator, should see nothing but what at the time you would have seen—the hand, and the king; not to be at leisure to make tailor-remarks on the dresses, or, Doctor Kitchener-like, to examine the good things at table.

Just such a confused piece is his Joshua—frittered into a thousand fragments, little armies here, little armies there:—you should only see the sun and Joshua; if I remember, he has not left out that luminary entirely, but for Joshua, I was ten minutes a finding him.

Still he is showy in all that is not the human figure or the preternatural interest: but the first are below a drawing-school girl's attainments, and the last is a phantasmagoric trick—"Now you shall see what you shall see:—dare is Belshazzar, and dare is Daniel."

The Quaker poet often bought "fine pictures" from country haggles, who preyed upon the old man's simplicity, and his ignorance of High Art. But we find no more than a mention of the matter in this volume. LAMB was

fond of old book stalls, and we find this pithy record of his

PURCHASE OF "THOMAS AQUINAS."

March 25, 1829.

I have just come from town, where I have been to get my bit of quarterly pension. And have brought home, from stalls in Barbican, the old "Pilgrim's Progress," with the prints, "Vanity Fair," &c., now scarce. Four shillings. Cheap. And also one of whom I have oft heard and had dreams, but never saw in the flesh—that is, in sheepskin—"The whole theologic works of Thomas Aquinas!"

My arms ached with lugging it a mile to the stage, but the burden was a pleasure, such as old Anchises was to the shoulders of Æneas; or the Lady to the Lover in the old romance, who having to carry her to the top of a high mountain—the price of obtaining her—clambered with her to the top and fell dead with fatigue.

O the glorious old schoolmen!

There must be something in him. Such great names imply greatness. Who hath seen Michael Angelo's things—of us that never pilgrimaged to Rome—and yet which of us disbelieves his greatness. How I will revel in his cobwebs and subtleties till my brain spins!

N.B. I have writ in the Old Hamlet*—offer it to Mitford in my name, if he have not seen it. 'Tis woefully below our editions of it. But keep it if you like.

I do not mean this to go for a letter, only to apprise you that the parcel is booked for you this 25th March, 1829, from the Four Swans, Bishopsgate.

With both our loves to Lucy and A. K.,

Yours ever,

C. L.

But LAMB was equally bold as SOUTHEY in commenting on his friend's verses. It is impossible to read his remarks, and not suspect that the admiration he expressed was nothing more than a complimentary return for BARTON's praises of himself. LAMB disliked the mannerism of BARTON's verses, and he equally disliked the constant obtrusion of religion. Perhaps, as BARTON was the Quaker poet, that in his writings which was tiresome to a secular mind, made up the especial food of his sect. Writing in 1825 of one of BARTON's volumes, LAMB says—

I am hardly able to appreciate your volume now. But I liked the dedication much, and the apology for your bald burying grounds. To Shelley, but that is not new. To the young Vesper-singer, great Dealings, Playford, and what not? If there be a cavil, it is that the topics of religious consolation, however beautiful, are repeated till a sort of triteness attends them. Do children die so often, and so good, in your parts? The topic taken from the consideration that they are snatched away from possible vanities, seems hardly sound; for to an omniscient eye their conditional failings must be one with their actual; but I am too unwell for Theology.

And in a subsequent letter he elucidates his remarks thus—

You mistake me when you express misgivings about my relishing a series of Scriptural poems. I wrote confusedly—what I meant to say was, that one or two consolatory poems on death would have had a more condensed effect than many. Scriptural devotional topics admit of infinite variety. So far from poetry tiring one because religious, I can read, and I say it seriously, the homely old version of the Psalms in our Prayer-books for an hour or two together sometimes, without sense of weariness.

I did not express myself clearly about what I think a false topic insisted on so frequently in consolatory addresses on the death of infants. I know something like it is in Scripture, but I think humanly spoken. It is a natural thought, a sweet fallacy to the survivors—but still a fallacy.

A particular friend of BARTON's was CHARLES LLOYD. He appears to have been also pretty

* The reprint of the first quarto, in which C. L. wrote his name.

self-possessed when favouring the Quaker poet with his praises. Perhaps his opinions are not so weighty as either SOUTHEY's or LAMB's, but they are, at all events, in accordance with theirs.

I have not read your last poems (Napoleon &c.) so much as I could wish. I was visited, while in London, with a very dreadful illness, and since my return it has been borrowed till I am quite impatient at its absence; and I called the other day on one of the borrowers to solicit its return. I should like to converse with you about it *à voce*. I must say I do not like moral sentiments about conquerors. I could write, think, and read religiously about them; but while men must have passions, and while I think ambition one of the noblest (mind, *humanly*, and not *religiously* speaking) I must say that I think the common sentiments against war, aggrandizement, &c., fall rather flat. My taste would rather lead me to panegyricize imaginatively, and then to condemn them religiously. I am rather of the opinion of an accomplished female who once told me "she liked good fat passions."

In our further notice of this volume we shall have occasion to test the opinions of BARTON's friends by an examination of his poems.

Judged by the memoir and letters before us, BARTON seems to have been an equably good rather than a great man—rather a man of routine than of genius. We miss in him that elevation of character which is expected in a poet. He was regular and orderly. There was neither impulse to disarrange, nor enthusiasm to fire, his actions or his sayings. He had "a heart which, though often playful and humorous, like 'WORDSWORTH's good old Matthew,' like him, too, could never 'go astray.'" He was antiquated in thought, and probably regretted, as much as does WORDSWORTH, that Science, with its railways and its telegraphs, should disturb what "has been." His prejudices all leaned towards the past. He loved the simple habits of "the olden time"—could not detect excellence in what is called "progress," and lamented that his grandfather should have quitted "the pleasant dale" in which his progenitors resided, to "go and set up a manufactory in Carlisle."

BARTON was a man of inferior taste, as we have seen. He could not distinguish a good picture from a bad one, in the commonest sense of that distinction. His feelings predominated. These he educated to the disparagement of his intellect. His judgment was imperfect, and he seems to have lacked the power of comparison. Hence, he desired rather quantity than excellence from an author. And hence, also, he deemed that the more books he produced, irrespective of merit, the greater would be his fame, and the greater his claim to the title of benefactor. His fondness for the humorous was intense, but it seems to us to have been an antagonism in his nature.

The one admirable feature in BARTON was his tolerance. In politics and religion, and in all matters where others' opinions were concerned, he aimed to reach the ideal of A MAN. But in this he did not excel the ordinary standard of the Quaker character. As a sect, Quakers act on their own convictions, but they leave unmolested the opinions of others. BARTON, had he continued a grocer, would probably have been as liberal minded as he was in the more pretentious profession of poet. His goodness resulted as much from his training as from his natural bent.

But the memoir, notwithstanding that it is eked out by a collection of letters, is imperfect. It does not throw enough light on the origin of the poems. If posterity are to esti-

mate BARTON's poetry, more must be known of the man than this volume reveals. Who, not being cognizant of BYRON's troubles, or of the disappointments he endured in his earlier and happier days, could value his glowing pages aright? To understand a poem, it is often necessary that we be also familiar with the circumstances under which it was written. We ought to be in possession of that which illustrates feeling, and reflects light on hitherto unseen truths. All our knowledge is personal. New truths are individual in their origin. Emotion is the soul of poetry, and we can estimate poetry the better when we trace the emotion. To share the feeling of the poet is the most perfect enjoyment of poetry. Descriptions of shady nooks, and craggy rocks, and the rippling stream, are best realized amid the very scenes described. Place us even in imagination where the poet was, and we measure aright the depth of his sorrows, and the perfection of sentiment reflected in the verse that embodies their tale. Once we regarded "The Farewell" as a successful effort of simulated feeling. But BYRON's recent biographers have shown us, that the heart of the poet spoke its natural pathos and gave utterance to its secret griefs.

A perusal of BARTON's poems has proved to us that there are many passages which require the explanation that a perfect biography would furnish—many sentiments that stand out isolated from the man, and strangers to the book. Hence, we crave for a closer insight into BARTON's heart and BARTON's life.

The importance of such an insight is well illustrated in the careers of BYRON and SHELLEY. Of late, the biographers of these poets have done justice to their lives. The mystery that hung over their existence has been solved. The hearts of the men have been laid bare. Their motives to action have been explained. We now know them as they were, and lose sight of the pictures that maligners drew. The shafts of envy have been turned aside—the libels dictated by jealousy have been exposed; the motives which animated their enemies have been exhibited. And now the writings of BYRON and SHELLEY are understood. It is known that SHELLEY was even more pure than the generality of mortals; that both were actively benevolent. What a world within does LEIGH HUNT's anecdote of SHELLEY's conduct at Hampstead betray? But a perfect biography was necessary for the proper understanding of SHELLEY's character and works.

Poetry is influenced by physical peculiarities, by social and domestic position, and by a thousand events and circumstances with whose occurrence the reader of poetry ought to be familiar. But of the *personnel* of BARTON the memoir and letters here presented do not give us sufficient information.

J. C.

(To be continued.)

The Life of John Calvin: compiled from Authentic Sources, and particularly from his Correspondence. By THOMAS W. DYER. London: Murray.

CALVIN was "a representative man:" he was the type, not so much of a sect of religionists, as of a species of man. Calvinism is a phase of humanity; it is not peculiar to those who call themselves Calvinists; it is not found among Christians only; it exists wherever men are congregated, wearing other forms and called by other names, but identical in spirit, having

the same origin, and tending to the same end. In every community there is a class of minds, by nature ascetic, proud and uncharitable—phrenologically presenting a combination of large self-esteem and veneration, with small hope, benevolence and causality. Averse from cheerfulness, the presence of the cheerful disturbs them; they hate gaiety, because it contrasts painfully with their own gloom; their pride and ambition make them thirst for power, and, unable to acquire it by the force of intellect, they call to their aid the threats, instead of the hopes, of religion, and, by terrifying, secure over the ignorant and the unreflecting an influence which ought only to be attained by the beneficent Christianity of the Bible. CALVIN was one of this class of minds, and, seeing in him a type of themselves, he was first set up as the idol, and then supposed to be the author, of the sect that had adopted his name.

But, with time and the spread of knowledge and investigation, a vast modification has taken place in the doctrines of those who still call themselves by his name. Practically, they repudiate the most objectionable parts of his system: few, even of the most extravagant, would venture now-a-days to justify all that CALVIN did and said and wrote, or all that was done in his name by his earlier followers.

CALVIN was born at Noyon, in Picardy, in 1509. His father was a bishop's secretary. At the age of fourteen, he was sent to the High School at Paris, whence he removed to the College Montaign. He was first destined for the Church, and a living had been secured for him, but he exhibited such uncommon talent, that his father changed his resolution, and put him to study the law; but, notwithstanding that, the youth retained his ecclesiastical preferences, and, it is said, even preached occasionally; but this was, probably, merely a formal compliance with some rule of the Church, as a needful condition for holding the profits of his office. He resorted to the chambers of the famous PIERRE DE L'ÉTOILE, at Orleans, for the study of the law, and there acquired so much and such extensive celebrity, that his opinion was taken upon the question of the divorce of HENRY the Eighth, and was in the King's favour.

But while thus profoundly studying the law, he did not altogether abandon theology. He was a strict Catholic in his youth, but the reading of the scriptures, for the purposes of his education, first shook his faith in Rome, and subsequent reflection confirmed his doubts. At Orleans, he was more than half a Protestant. Before he quitted Bourges, he was completely one, and then and there it was that he began to preach the Reformed faith, both to the towns-people and the neighbouring villagers, making many converts by his eloquence and learning, and the boldness of his denunciations of the errors of Popery, and the vices that then infected the whole Church. All the while that he was denouncing the Church, he kept his benefices in it, an example which appears to be not without imitators in our own time.

In 1582, his father died, and then CALVIN formally resigned the profession of the law, and devoted himself heart and soul to his mission as a Reformer. He proceeded to Paris, but wanted the courage to make a firm stand there for the faith he professed. He left it again in terror, because there was a threat of prosecuting a priest whom he had persuaded to preach in favour of the unshackled reading of the Scriptures. Taking refuge at Noyon, he sold his benefices, pocketing the proceeds,

and wandered about preaching here and there. In the following year, he ventured to return to Paris, where he remained for several months, and then he went to Basle. There he completed his Institutes. This done, he took a journey into Italy. We next hear of him at Geneva, in 1536, and this was the condition of the morals of the town, when he commenced his labours there.

Reckless gaming, drunkenness, adultery, blasphemy, and all sort of vice and wickedness, abounded. Prostitution was sanctioned by the authority of the state, and the public stews were placed under the superintendence of a woman elected by the Council, and called the *Reine du Bordel*. The registers abound with entries respecting the regulation of these Pandemoniums. If the manners of the laity were corrupt, those of the clergy were as bad or worse. The authentic documents just referred to bear frequent evidence of their profligacy. The Canons of St. Peter's, whose office conferred upon them a share in the spiritual government of the city, were particularly notorious for their misconduct. They paraded their vices with so much effrontery, that in 1530 the Genevese refused to pay them the tithes which were so unblushingly applied to the purposes of debauchery; and they were obliged to solicit the interference of Friburg in order to obtain their money. Their ignorance was on a par with their profligacy; and during the progress of the Reformation, the Genevese clergy publicly admitted before the Council that they were not learned enough either to maintain or to refute the doctrine of the mass and the authority of human traditions.

That these vices and disorders demanded a large measure of reform cannot be disputed. It was not, however, in human nature, that long-confirmed habits like these should be extirpated all at once; they required rather to be gradually ameliorated by better education and example. Yet such was the task attempted by the evangelical ministers. Nor did they stop there; but in their zeal for reforming what was wrong, they frequently overstepped the bounds of discretion, and confounded what was really innocent in the same anathema with what was fundamentally vicious. Cards and dancing, plays and masquerades, were absolutely prohibited, as well as the graver vices before enumerated. All holidays except Sunday were abolished, and that was observed with the strictness of the Jewish Sabbath. Marriage was ordered to be solemnized with as little show as possible. Instead of the joyous fête it had hitherto been, it was converted into a purely religious ceremony, and sanctified by a sermon. If the bride or her companions adorned themselves in a fashion contrary to what was *evangelized*, they were punished with imprisonment. The church-bells were dismantled and cast into cannon; and thus their cheerful carols converted into the harsh thunder of war. The citizens were strictly enjoined to attend the sermons, and to be at home by nine o'clock in the evening; and tavern-keepers were ordered to see that their customers observed these regulations.

It is not surprising that the denouncers of the vices of such a population were at first very ill received. They roused, in fact, a popular tumult—their banishment was ordered. CALVIN went to Strasburg, was appointed Professor of Theology there, and found a wife. This was

CALVIN'S MARRIAGE.

In spite of the distressed state of his pecuniary affairs, Calvin was at this time looking for a wife to help him to bear his burthens. Calvin in love is indeed a peculiar phase of his history. He had now arrived at the sufficiently mature age of thirty; and as his imagination had never been very susceptible, so, in the business of choosing a helpmate, he was guided wholly by motives of prudence and convenience. In fact, he left the matter entirely to his friends, just as one would buy a horse or any other thing; giving them instructions as to the sort of article he wanted. Writing to Farel on the 19th of May, 1539, he says: "I will now speak more plainly about marriage. I know not if any one mentioned to you her whom I wrote about before the departure of Michael; but I beseech you ever

to bear in mind what I seek for in a wife. I am not one of your mad-kind of lovers, who dote even upon faults when once they are taken by beauty of person. The only beauty that entices me is that she be chaste, obedient, humble, economical, patient; and that there be hopes that she will be solicitous about my health. If, therefore, you think it expedient that I should marry, bestir yourself, lest somebody else anticipate you. But if you think otherwise, let us drop the subject altogether."

From another letter to Farel, dated the 6th of February, 1540, it appears that a young German lady, rich, and of noble birth, had been proposed to him. Both the brother of the lady and his wife were anxious that Calvin should espouse her. The latter, however, scrupled on two grounds; because the lady was unacquainted with French, and because he was afraid that she might think too much of her birth and education. If the marriage was to take place, he insisted that his bride should learn French; but on her requiring time to consider of this, Calvin dispatched his brother and a friend to fetch him home another lady, and congratulates himself on the escape he has had. He speaks in high terms of his fresh choice.

It appears, however, from another letter to the same friend, dated on the 21st of June, 1540, that this match, of which he had thought so highly, was also broken off.

After these failures, Calvin expresses a doubt whether he should prosecute his matrimonial project any further. Soon afterwards, however, by the advice of Bucer, he married Odelette or Idelette de Bures, the widow of an Anabaptist at Strasburgh, whom he had converted. Idelette had several children by her former marriage, in whom Calvin seems to have taken some interest. By Calvin she had only one child, a son, who died shortly after his birth.

A few months afterwards he yielded to an urgent request from the repentant Genevese, and returned to that city, where he passed the remainder of his days, enjoying an absolute dominion over the people, giving to them a theology and code based upon the civil law of which he was so warm an admirer. Here, too, it was that he burned SERVETUS, his rival, on pretence that he was a heretic, and this is Mr. DYER's description of the *Auto-da-fe*.

CALVIN BURNING SERVETUS.

The 27th of October, 1553, was appointed for the execution of Servetus; and on the morning of that day he requested to have an interview with Calvin. The latter repaired to his dungeon, accompanied by two members of the Council. The scene which followed is taken from Calvin's own narrative. On one of the Councilors asking Servetus what he wanted, he replied, that he wished to beg Calvin's mercy. Hereupon the latter protested that he had never pursued any private offence. He reminded him, that sixteen years before he had used all his endeavours, even at the risk of his life, to reclaim him, and reconcile him with the faithful; that he had afterwards exhorted him by letters; in short, that he had shown him all possible kindness, till Servetus, taking offence at some of his free and holy admonitions, had attacked him with rabid fury. Calvin then said, that dropping all that concerned himself personally, he begged him rather to ask mercy of God, whom he had so atrociously blasphemed. "When I perceived," continues Calvin, "that my advice and exhortations were of no avail, I was not willing to be wiser than my Master allows; and, following the rule of St. Paul, departed from a self-condemned heretic, who bore his mark and reprobation in his heart."

Calvin had written to Farel requesting him to come to Geneva and attend upon Servetus in his last moments; an office which could not well be undertaken by any of the Genevese clergy, who had condemned him. Farel obeyed this summons, and arrived in Geneva time enough to hear the sentence pronounced. He accompanied the unhappy Spaniard to the stake, and has recorded his last moments in a letter to Ambrose Blaarer.

A little way from the city of Geneva rises a gentle but extended eminence, called Champey or Champel, the place appointed for the execution of Servetus. Early in the morning of the 27th of October, he was led from

prison to undergo his doom. As the procession slowly ascended the hill, the stake appeared in sight, though partly hidden by the oak branches which had been heaped around it, still bearing their autumnal leaves. A crowd had gathered round the spot where he was to undergo his sentence, and to escape from his earthly judges to the presence of a higher and infallible tribunal. Arrived at the summit of the hill, he fell on the earth in an attitude of prayer; and while he lay absorbed in his devotions, Farel thus addressed the assembled multitude—"See," said he, "the power of Satan when he hath once gotten possession of us. This man is particularly learned, and it may be that he thought he was doing right; but now the Devil hath him. Beware, lest the same thing happen to yourselves!"

Farel, who had been with Servetus since seven o'clock in the morning, had not ceased exhorting him to acknowledge his errors: but so far was he from doing this, that he persisted in saying that he suffered unjustly, that he was led as a victim to the slaughter; at the same time beseeching God to have mercy on his accusers. At last Farel said, "Do you, who are so great a sinner, attempt to justify yourself? I had determined to accompany you till your last breath, and to exhort all to pray for you, in the hope that you would edify the people; but if you continue to speak as you do, I will resign you to the judgment of God, and abide with you no longer." Hereupon, continues Farel, he was silent, and spoke not again in the same manner.

When Servetus arose from his devotions, Farel exhorted him to address the people: but sighs and groans almost choked his utterance, and all that he could utter was, "Oh God! oh God!" When Farel asked him if he had nothing else to say, he replied, "What can I speak of but of God?" Farel now told him, that if he had a wife or a child, and wished to make his will, there was a notary present: but to this suggestion Servetus made no answer. At a hint of Farel's, he requested the assembled multitude to pray for him; but to the last moment he could not be induced to address Christ as the eternal Son of God.

About mid-day, Servetus was led to the stake. Before it lay a large block of wood, on which he was to sit. An iron chain encompassed his body, and held him to the stake; his neck was fastened to it by a strong cord, which encircled it several times. On his head was placed a crown of plaited straw and leaves strewn with sulphur, to assist in suffocating him. At his girdle were suspended both his printed books and the manuscript which he had sent to Calvin,—the causes of his miserable end. Servetus begged the executioner to put him quickly out of his misery; but the fellow, either from accident or design, had not been properly instructed in his duty, and had collected a heap of green wood. When the fire was kindled, Servetus uttered such a piercing shriek that the crowd fell back with a shudder: some, more humane than the authorities, ran and threw in faggots; nevertheless, his sufferings lasted about half an hour. Just before he expired, he cried, with a terrible voice, "Jesus, thou Son of the eternal God, have mercy upon me!" thus persisting in his heresy to his latest breath.

It is related in the book which passes under the name of "Vaticanus," that Bernardin Ochino, the celebrated preacher, on his return from England, arrived in Geneva the day following the execution, and on hearing it related expressed so much horror and indignation as to give rise to the hatred with which Calvin ever afterwards pursued him. The scene had such an effect upon Farel himself that he had not strength to relate it to Calvin, but returned at once to *l'enfahâtel* without seeing him.

We are sorry to be obliged to add that, notwithstanding the perpetration of this enormity, the cruel wretch died happily, confident of his own salvation. A complication of disorders carried him off in the year 1564. After the above specimen of his cruel and vindictive temper, it scarcely needs the confirmation of his somewhat partial biographer in a formal judgment, but inasmuch as some may be ignorant what an odious personage he was whose followers they boast themselves, we subjoin it—

The most trifling slights and insults, such as most men would have overlooked with contempt, Calvin pursued

with bitterness and acrimony. The Registers of Geneva abound with instances, which grew more frequent and more severe as his power became more consolidated. In 1551 we find Berthelier excommunicated by the consistory because he would not allow that he had done wrong in asserting that he was as good a man as Calvin. Three men who had laughed during a sermon of his were imprisoned for three days and condemned to ask pardon of the consistory. Such proceedings are very numerous, and in the two years 1558 and 1559 alone, 414 of them are recorded! To impugn Calvin's doctrine, or the proceedings of the consistory, endangered life. For such an offence a Ferrarese lady, named Copa, was condemned, in 1559, to beg pardon of God and the magistrates, and to leave the city in twenty-four hours, on pain of being beheaded.

The Life and Correspondence of Andrew Combe, M.D. By GEORGE COMBE, Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Stewart. 1850.

TO ANDREW COMBE is our generation indebted for having made the subject of physical education popular, taking it out of the region of learning, and offering it in an intelligible form to all the world. His success was proportioned to his merit—a rare occurrence. Short as his life was, he lived to see the practical results of his labours, in the general overthrow of prejudices that had prevailed for centuries. To him is due the honour of having made a revolution in the maternal and monthly nurse mind; of arresting the hot-house system of culture with children—forcing the immature mind into a destructive energy, before the physical forces of the body can come up with it. He first convinced parents and teachers that the sound body was a necessary preliminary to the sound mind, and that the former should be strengthened and trained before the latter is burdened with book knowledge. Then he proved, by reference to physiology, described in language intelligible to every capacity, how health of body and mind is to be acquired and sustained through after-life. He indicated with a precision that permitted of no mistake, what are the conditions Providence has imposed upon us of obedience to the natural laws, as essential to health and happiness, and he showed what these laws are, and how they are to be obeyed. Such a man is a benefactor to his race. The positive good he must have achieved cannot be measured by any test, for it is not seen in anything visible to the eye; it is rather felt in the multitude of afflictions which he has been the means of averting from thousands who have perused his books and profited by his advice.

The memoir of such a benefactor to mankind, although diversified by few of the incidents that sometimes make biographies attractive, cannot fail to be popular and pleasing, for there is a natural curiosity to know how a distinguished teacher practised his own teachings, and if he profited by the practice. In DR. ANDREW COMBE, also, there is something more to interest, for all who have perused his works must have experienced for the writer a sentiment of more than common respect and regard. He won the sympathies of his readers as if they had been personally introduced to him; they could not help looking beyond the author to the man, and hence a desire to know more about him individually, to learn what was his daily and domestic life, who were his associates, what were his thoughts on other topics, how he lived, and how he died. Such a wholesome and kindly curiosity will be amply gratified by the volume before us, written by his brother, MR. GEORGE COMBE, the distinguished phrenologist.

DR. ANDREW COMBE was the fifteenth child and seventh son of MR. GEORGE COMBE, a brewer, of Edinburgh, and was born on the 27th of October, 1797. Immediately after birth he was transferred to the care of a robust country woman, in the prime of life, under whose nursing he so prospered that, when he was weaned, she returned him to his parents with these emphatic words, "He eats like a raven, and sleeps like a dyke," i.e., lies as still as a wall.

ANDREW was "a lively, active, shrewd, and amusing child, and had a share of droll humour, which manifested itself more in his manner and actions than in his speech. He was extremely shy, rather taciturn, and slow in learning the use of words."

In October, 1805, he went to the High School, at Edinburgh, which has nursed so many distinguished men. He was not a rapid scholar. He says of himself, "Writing and arithmetic I never excelled in. I droned over them for several years. Mathematics I liked pretty well, and advanced fast enough in them; but being too young to see any use in them, I laid them aside, and speedily forgot all their profundities."

This was his mental constitution:

Andrew Combe inherited from his mother a fine texture of body, and an active temperament; and from his father that element of continued perseverance indicated by the bilious temperament. His mother's skin was dark, yet delicate as satin; her eye bright; her features regular, and the expression of her countenance harmonious, animated, and pleasing. Her smile bespoke confidence and affection in strangers. In Andrew these qualities were combined with a brain of full average size, in which the interior lobe was large, but the organs of individuality and eventuality were *minus*, while those of comparison, causality, and wit, were *plus*;—the organs of the moral sentiments were all largely developed, veneration and benevolence slightly preponderating; while the organs of the animal propensities were rather under than above an average in size in relation to the moral and intellectual. The result was a constant activity of the faculties generally, a natural refinement, and a predominant love of the pure, the useful, the beneficent, the beautiful, and the intellectual. The inferiority of the observing to the reflecting organs, occasioned difficulty in learning details; and for a long time, the reflecting faculties being ill supplied with materials to act on, the intellectual progress was slow. From the large development of the organs of the feelings, and the absence of adequate instruction concerning their nature, objects, and spheres of action, and also of proper training, or regular and consistent moral and intellectual discipline, Andrew, like the other children of the family, was in constant action, but often of a very unprofitable kind. He and his companions, however, educated and trained each other after a fashion, by sympathy or practical collision; and thus early he learned, by experience, to distinguish differences of character and talents, to accommodate himself to various tempers, to control his own, and, in pursuing his own objects and gratifications, to take care that he gave no just cause of offence to his neighbours.

From the predominance of reflecting intellect, concentrativeness, secretiveness, and the moral sentiments, in him, he was, from an early age, prone to inward reflection and self-judgment. In manhood he used frequently to lament the want of clear and consistent expositions of duty, and of a proper moral training. His affective faculties, acting without guidance, produced bashfulness, embarrassment, and awkwardness, in all new and untried situations. Still the springs of a powerful and a high character were there, and only time and favourable circumstances were wanting for their development in corresponding action.

When asked by his father to choose a profession, he returned only one answer, "I'll no be naething." The family were very desirous that he should make choice of medicine, but to all their urgencies he replied only, with a comic

smile, "I'll no be naething." It seems, however, that this was only a show of opposition. He was already turning his thoughts to the pursuit in which he was destined afterwards to become so conspicuous, and, after a while, he was compelled to enter the establishment of MR. JOHNSTON, a surgeon and apothecary, in Edinburgh; but that which was at first compulsion soon became pleasure.

The following is a picture, drawn by himself, of his mental condition in early life:

"I had," says he, "an early and great veneration for moral excellence, and after having been cold or sullen in the days of my earliest youth, I have gone to bed and cried for want of moral sympathy, and formed strong resolutions to be for ever after kind and good, no matter how others might treat me. I reproached myself also for my shortcomings in obligingness and active kindness, and felt that if met with affection and confiding regard, I could make any effort or sacrifice in return, and rejoice in the happiness of doing so. But, as you know, the affections and amenities of life were not cherished among us individually, nearly so much as stern integrity and the omnipotent sense of duty. This was from the very best intentions on the part of our excellent parents, and arose much from the oppressive spirit of their Calvinistic principles, and their own want of an enlightened education. It was, however, a great evil, and upon me it operated in producing a distrust of myself, from an idea of my unworthiness, which led me to rate myself below every other person, and, by increasing my natural shyness, cramped the free expansion of both feeling and intellect at a time when they were craving for gratification.

"In my earliest reading days, I purchased, with one shilling and sixpence of hoarded 'handsels' (New-year's gifts,) a small volume of moral and very simple plays, in which, of course, goodness prospered and was honoured, and vice was punished and degraded. How I pored over it, and how often I read it with fresh delight, I cannot describe; but many of my good resolutions owe their origin to its inspirations. I cannot recollect the title, but I think one of the plays was the Farmer Boy.

Amidst all this sympathy, however, with affection and goodness, it never once occurred to me that I could ever be the means of influencing others to good. If I could only succeed in being good myself, and in veneration good in others, and pleasing God, I considered my utmost aims fulfilled. So far from ever hoping for distinction or fame, I used to fancy myself living in some quiet, retired corner, in happy removal from the cares, struggles, and wickedness of the world.

The world then always presented itself to me in the characters described by the Rev. David Dickson (afterwards D.D.), with such fervour and reiteration, as the abode of nothing but the blackest sin and misery. I shrank from contact with it, even in thought, and believing myself equally, or rather more in danger of hell-fire than all the rest, I looked upon retirement from the world as affording the only chance of escape from the dangers of eternal perdition.

This was my state of mind from my earliest consciousness, and it continued for years to depress and cramp my energies. I never could fancy myself good enough to be of use in the world; and instead of aspiring to greatness, I have a vivid recollection of often looking at Dr. Dickson in the pulpit, and thinking, "Oh, if I only was clever enough to be a minister, I would be sure to be saved." This must have begun before I was five years old. But I felt a wful consciousness that I could never learn to preach, and there was thus no hope for me in that quarter. Then it occurred to me, that even a preacher was almost sure to be saved, as a "church" man; but then I was equally conscious that singing was as impossible as preaching to me.

It was while he was pursuing his studies as a medical pupil that DR. SPURZHEIM arrived in Edinburgh. At first both GEORGE and ANDREW COMBE ridiculed the doctrines of Phrenology, as the German philosophy, and openly opposed the science, of the truth of which they became convinced in the course of

the inquiries and arguments resorted to in their endeavours to put it down!

Having once obtained a perception of the truth, they set themselves vigorously to its investigation. ANDREW thus describes his first introduction to it:

It was, I think, in the summer of 1815, that, on searching the Edinburgh Subscription Library for a book which happened to be out, I accidentally laid my hands on "Spurzheim's Physiognomical System;" and, amused by the grotesqueness of some of the plates, I brought it home for a few days, till the book I wanted should be returned. You and I looked over it now and then, and laughed heartily at some of the isolated anecdotes and remarks, and following the fashion of ridicule set by the Edinburgh Review, then just out, neither of us thought of reading the book, and after some days' amusement in turning it over, I carried it back unread. I was then under eighteen years of age, and busy with my studies, and conceived the subject to be quite out of my way.

You afterwards met Dr Spurzheim, and attended his lectures, and became impressed with the importance and probable truth of his doctrines. I continued engaged in professional study; but, in 1816 and part of 1817, I often heard you making remarks and arguing on the subject. I became, in consequence, so far impressed, that, without knowing much about it, I began to consider it as a serious matter of inquiry, and not to be disposed of by ridicule. In this state of mind I went to Paris in October, 1817.

At Paris he remained for some time, pursuing his medical studies with great ardour. His letters during this period are extremely amusing. For instance, this sketch of

PARISIAN MANNERS IN 1818.

George suspects much of my present happiness depends on "the Beauty" [a young lady whom he had described.] I wish it were so, or rather I am thankful it is not so, seeing I must leave her in a few months. I doubt not she would produce a very powerful effect, did I see her oftener; but once in three or four weeks gives me time to cool again. It is all one; Jean will find some "Beauty" for me to fall in love with in Edinburgh when I come back; and I am quite convinced that the Edinburgh "Beauties" are the best in every respect. So I am contented again. By the bye, I have visited another French family, and a philosopher too (if I can be permitted to judge from seeing six dried snakes hanging up in his study, along with three dried crabs,—quite conclusive as to the fact, in my mind, at least), where I saw some young ladies, and very amiable. As I like to begin at the right end of my story, I ask if you know the "Fête des Rois." It is a fête observed in every family, from the king's downwards. A dinner takes place, at which an immense pastry-cake is presented, and cut into pieces. In one part of it is a bean, and whoever gets the piece with the bean in it is proclaimed king or queen, and he presides over the dinner. When the king drinks, all the company bawl out, "Le roi boit, le roi boit,"—when he finishes, "Le roi a bu;" and so for the queen. The king elects a queen, *et vice versa*. On these occasions everybody is gay. I was asked to Mr. Schmidt's fête; we got our cake, and could not find the bean; and we were all busy scolding the cook for not having put one in it, when the bean was discovered in Miss S.'s slice. We saluted her as her Majesty forthwith; and I had the honour of being elected his Majesty. I began to drink; and they bawled out so unexpectedly and loudly, that I thought the house was on fire. His serene Majesty nearly underwent the odious process of suffocation, and her Majesty was nearly caught in the same manner. We enjoyed ourselves very much, and in the evening we went to visit the philosopher. On entering, we found a dozen of them just at their dessert. Madame and Mademoiselle were covered with kisses (as they always are), and then we sat down. Though we had dined heartily, the old gentleman insisted on our assisting to despatch his grapes, raisins, prunes, &c., and his excellent champagne, made by himself on his own ground. I was placed at table, and looked upon as an old acquaintance, though I believe they forgot even to tell who I was. If he was a philosopher, he was not at all averse to enjoying the good

things allowed us by Providence in this vale of misery. They all appeared to find themselves in a very comfortable state. They began dancing at last, to music scraped out of a fiddle with three strings. It was enough for the purpose. Madame S. danced for the first time since her marriage (eighteen years ago), with a gentleman's hat on her head, to sustain her character as a cavalier; and a smart one, too, she was. At last, as a parting ceremony, they danced to singing, going all round in a ring, with one in the middle, who was to kiss whoever she or he liked best. This part I joined, as no dancing was required, and as I thought five minutes would finish it. Madame S. was here kissed often, first as gentleman, and then as lady. All this work, you know, was rather new to me. (I think I have seen sixpence offered to my niece to kiss the Doctor.) So when one young lady came to me by accident, and turned up her cheek, I stooped down and kissed it most beautifully, and thought I had done all that was necessary. It was a mistake, as the lady soon convinced me, by holding up the other side too (in imitation, I suppose, of the patient Quaker, who is directed, when smitten on one side of the face, to turn up the other too.) I repeated the ceremony. I need not say, figure to yourself a tall, thin personage, &c., &c.; that is unnecessary; for you do figure him to yourself, and smile.

In another letter we find the following

ANECDOTES OF DUPUTYREN.

I must tell you an incident that occurred the other day at the Hotel Dieu. Monsieur Duputyren was scolding a Frenchman who happened to be standing behind an Englishman, Dr. M., and the latter, believing that Duputyren was scolding him, defended himself, and denied that he was to blame. Duputyren, being in the midst of an operation on a poor man in bed, got into a furious passion, and rated Dr. M. soundly, telling him that if he did not hold his tongue, he must leave the Hospital. Dr. M. was so much hurt, that he could not sleep, and wrote to Duputyren, explaining why he had replied to his attack. Nobody believed that Duputyren would answer his letter, but the following reply was returned:—"Je verrai toujours avec plaisir Mons. M. suivre mes visites et mes leçons. Je le prie d'agréer l'assurance de ma parfaite considération. DUPUTYREN." And thus ended the *malentendu*. Duputyren cannot allow the business of the Hospital to be interrupted by replies to his reproaches, and the French students receive them in silence. His object is always to make them do their duty.

George, he continues, remarked, that when so many patients die in the Hotel Dieu, there must be some faults in the treatment. That there are some, I have no doubt, because I see them; but upon the whole the treatment is excellent. Very many of the patients are in a desperate condition before they are brought in for advice; but I have seldom seen so much attention paid to really sick persons as by Duputyren. The kind, insinuating manner in which he speaks to many of them, makes them almost forget their pains; and during an operation or dressing, he talks to them, asking them questions of all kinds, to divert their attention from their sufferings, and often with great success. To an obstreperous patient, of whichever sex, he is rude. For a case requiring instantaneous decision, I have never seen a surgeon equal to him (you know, however, that I have not yet seen a great many of any kind.) He acts without hesitation, and after he has finished, he states, with great clearness and precision, the reasons for and against particular modes of proceeding; and his reasons are generally very satisfactory, even when one would suppose that he had had no time for consideration. I am sometimes inclined to think that he could make any person submit to allow his head to be cut off. The other day he made a little boy jump upon a table, to be operated upon for the stone, quite pleased and joking. He asked him if ever he rode at home? "Yes," said the boy, "often; my father sends me out to ride?" "Ah!" said Duputyren, "your father gives you a fine horse to ride upon?" "Ah, non, monsieur, c'est un âne, ce n'est pas un cheval." "You ride upon a nice ass, then, instead of a horse, do you?" "Ah, oui," said the little fellow, quite pleased. The operation was completed in two minutes. The boy cried a little; and when he saw the stone, "Est-ce gros comme ça!" he exclaimed with astonishment. He is recovering well.

In another he notices a peculiarity still visible in the

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FRENCH.

They will not lay aside their national vanity for ten minutes at a time, nor speak to one as one of themselves. They cannot forget for a moment that you are of a different nation. To be everlastingly annoyed with glory on all occasions, in philosophical discussions at the Institute, in medical lectures, and everywhere else, is too much of a good thing. Put glory where glory should be; but glory and philosophy make a curious compound, and glory and glauber-salts are more ridiculous still.

There is, he adds, a difference between the conformation of the forehead of a French man and that of a French woman; the former slopes backwards from the nose rapidly, indicating deficiency in the reflective organs, while the woman's forehead is much more perpendicular.

This remark is correct; and the fact that, in Paris, women exercise a greater influence in proportion to that wielded by men, than women do in corresponding situations in England, harmonizes with it. This difference in the development of the reflective organs in the male and female heads does not generally prevail in the latter country.

Before quitting the Continent he made a tour of Switzerland, which he enjoyed excessively, returning to England in November, 1819. And at this point we must part for the present from this delightful and instructive Memoir.

(To be continued.)

Memoir of the Public and Private Life of William Penn. By THOMAS CLARKSON, M.A. A New Edition. London: Bradshaw.

THIS new edition of an interesting and careful biography is enriched with a preface by Mr. W. E. FORSTER, refuting the aspersions cast upon the founders of the Quakers by MACAULAY, in his "History of England." It is certainly a clever bit of advocacy, interesting if not conclusive. The volume is neatly printed and very cheap.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Leaves from a Lady's Diary of her Travels in Barbary. In 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1850.

WE like the Diary form for Travels. It presents the impressions upon the writer's mind in all their freshness, with the glow of novelty brightening every tint, before custom has staled or distance faded them. The difference between a diary written at the moment, and a narrative penned afterwards from memory, is the difference between the companion of the traveller, or a listener to the tale of his adventures after his return. The announcement that the volumes before us are in the shape of a diary, is in itself a recommendation of them to favourable attention.

Nor does the performance disappoint the promise. The tourist is a singularly intelligent and agreeable personage, having all the qualifications for a good traveller,—patience, perseverance, temper, unflagging spirits, and that genial disposition which always looks upon the bright side of everything, puts the kindest construction on men's conduct and motives, and wins by manner courtesies which no authority could command. Then the scenes of her wanderings are almost new to us. How many of our summer tourists have adventured upon Barbary? What English visitor has given us a graphic picture of the country and its people, even although it lies geographically so much nearer to us than Syria and the Holy Land, or the United States, which send their dozen volumes yearly? The English reader is indebted to the authoress

for having preserved so minute a record of her visit to the African coast, and the Book-Clubs will thank her for so pleasant an addition to their stores, the character of which we will, without further preface, proceed to exhibit, by some extracts, taken almost at random, but which, nevertheless, will give ample assurance of the interest that attaches to the whole.

It was on the 22nd of December, 1847, that our authoress left Marseilles for Algiers, which she reached on a wet, stormy day, and found very disagreeable. She describes its appearance as being "like a miserable French mask on an African face." In fact, it appears to have become a thoroughly *Frenchified* place, in manners and aspect, only with a more variegated population.

STREET SCENES IN ALGIERS.

The view of the sea and of the little harbour of Algiers, as seen from the Place Royale, presents a beautiful and animated picture. Throughout the whole of the day the Place is the favourite resort not only of the higher classes, but also of the mass of the population. Here an endless source of interest and amusement presents itself, in the continuous succession of variegated costumes observable in the ever-moving throng. Natives of every land and every clime are assembled here. In the motley groups may be seen women from various parts of Italy, arrayed in the gaudy colours of their national costumes; Spanish *Senoras*, with black mantillas and small Andalusian feet; Frenchwomen of all ranks and classes; Jewesses, wearing their pyramidal *sarmas*, or dressed in silk and satin, and bedecked with jewels; Moresses of most ungraceful deportment, whose large veils and ample garments conceal every part of their persons save their radiant black eyes and their uncovered ankles; inhabitants of Port Mahon (whose black pointed hats remind me of the Roman "*come si pare*"); and sailors from every part of the world. In addition to all these there are Europeans of every nation, and Negroes of every shade; besides Arabs, Moors, Kabyles, Syrians, and a countless multitude of officers (military and naval), soldiers, civil functionaries, &c. When I first went out, the tumult of the busy scene, and the continual movement that floated before my eyes, almost made me dizzy.

She speaks rapturously of the

ALGERIAN LANDSCAPES.

I have travelled much, and I have seen nature in all her varied aspects, in different climes and countries, but I must confess that never within so limited an extent, did I behold so much of grand and beautiful landscape scenery, as during my five hours' ride to day. In some parts it resembled Italy, in others it reminded me of Switzerland; and not unfrequently it presented the barren and rugged aspect of the North of Europe:—yet everywhere the picture was stamped with a peculiar and distinctive character. The aloe, the cactus, and the dark red hue of the ground denoted the African zone. Truly, a journey to this country amply remunerates all the trouble attending it. To the lover of nature, the artist, the man of business, even to the lady of fashion, I recommend a trip to Algiers. The passage hither, from Marseilles, is more speedily accomplished than that from Marseilles to Civita-Vecchia, and at a better season of the year than that which I have made choice of, the little voyage cannot be otherwise than extremely pleasant.

She was invited to spend a day with a Moorish family, and very interesting are her reminiscences of

MOORISH DOMESTIC LIFE.

At the threshold of the door, leading from the courtyard to the house, the daughters of Sidi Mahmoud received us with cordial welcome. They are two very beautiful girls. The eldest, who is about fourteen years of age, particularly interested me. There is an expression in her soft intelligent eyes which shows that she feels the oppression of captivity. Her features are not those of a regular beauty; but the grace which marks all her movements, the soul-breathing animation which lights up her countenance, and the alternate blush and

pallor which overspread her delicate cheek, seem to mark the fair Zuleica for a heroine of romance.

Whilst I gazed on her, I thought she looked like a personification of her lovely namesake the glorious creation of Byron's muse. Her beautiful chestnut hair was unfortunately (in compliance with the custom of the country) tinged with a reddish dye. It was combed to the nape of the neck, and a red woollen band was closely twisted round it, so that the most beautiful adornment of a female head was converted into a long stiff rouleau, which either dangled down her back, or was hidden in the folds of her dress. On her head she wore a small closely-fitting fez. Her sister, a pretty smiling girl of ten years of age, had her hair arranged in the same manner, and she wore the same sort of fez. She was wrapped in a shawl of a clear sea-green hue, which was draped round her figure very gracefully, but entirely concealed her arms. Her full trousers of rose-coloured calico descended nearly to her ankles. The costume of the elder sister was marked by greater elegance. Her shawl was dark red, but of less size and thinner texture than that worn by her sister. After we had been a few minutes together, we became quite familiar friends, and the young ladies permitted me to have a minute inspection of their dresses. They conducted us to their drawing-room, or, as they called it, their *salon*. This apartment, like all the rooms in the house, is exceedingly small; and on my expressing some surprise at its limited dimensions, the elder sister replied in her broken French, "*Mauresques pas tener salons pas jolies comme toi Français*;" by which she meant to say that their houses or saloons are not so fine as those of the Europeans; for they call all Europeans, indiscriminately, French. There was but little furniture in the drawing-room.

Over the middle part of the floor was spread a very handsome Turkey carpet; and along the sides of the apartment were laid several carpets of various kinds and patterns. In one corner of the room there was a looking glass in a miserable-looking frame, and beside it a loaded musket. Whether this weapon be destined for the defence of the elegant mirror, or of the lovely Zuleica, I pretend not to say.

Having observed a telescope fixed at the window, I expressed some surprise. Zuleica, who converses very intelligibly in what she calls *lingua franca* (a jargon principally composed of French words), informed me that this telescope constitutes her principal source of amusement, and that she is almost continually occupied in looking through it, to watch the arrival of her friends, and the movements of the steamers in the harbour. The walls of the apartment were simply whitewashed, and the window and doors were arched as a precaution against accidents in the earthquakes so frequent in this country. The only decorations on the walls were two little frames, containing passages from the Koran.

Among the other articles of furniture contained in this apartment, I must not omit to mention a small table, on which lay some sheets of paper (having Arabic characters inscribed on them) a book, and an inkstand.

When I entered the room, the young ladies brought a straw stool, and requested me to sit down on it, whilst they themselves squatted on the floor. A white muslin curtain hung over a doorway, which led to the sleeping apartment of the father and mother. Nothing could be more plain than the furniture of this apartment. Two small French iron bedsteads indicated, it is true, great advancement in civilization; and between these bedsteads a piece of carpet covered the rough red tiles with which the floor was paved. There was neither washing-stand nor toilette-table; but, indeed, the apartment was so small that there was no room for them. I was next conducted to the boudoir, where coffee, pomegranates, melons, and sweetmeats were served. To decline taking anything that is offered is regarded as an affront by the Mahometans, so I was compelled to receive in my bare hand an immensely large slice of some kind of sweet cake, spread over with a thick jelly.

The collation being ended, the young ladies conducted me to their own sleeping room. Here we found a slave at work. She was a Negress, for whom I was told Sidi Mahmoud had paid 600 francs. I suppose this Negress saw something irresistibly droll in my appearance, for as soon as I appeared she burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and it was some time ere she recovered her composure.

Little Zuleica very good-naturedly opened several trunks to gratify me with the sight of some of her best dresses. She drew forth a number of garments of various descriptions, all composed of rich and beautiful materials. When I say that she had at least twenty elegant tunics of silk or gauze, and several others richly embroidered with gold, I do not overrate the number. I expressed my astonishment at the number and variety of the garments, of which I imagined I had seen the last; but Zuleica turned to me with an arch smile, which seemed to say she had a still greater surprise in store for me. Then diving into the lowest depths of one of the trunks, she drew forth a complete bridal costume. It consisted of a robe or tunic of rich red damask silk, embroidered with gold, a gold girdle, a splendid caftan, loose trousers of silk, and a veil of white gauze, several yards in length, and sprinkled with gold. I was also shown several valuable jewelled ornaments destined to be worn with this splendid costume.

Seeing the bridal dress thus ready prepared, I conjectured that Zuleica was betrothed, and I ventured to ask her when she was to be married. At this question she blushed and looked confused; then, after a little hesitation, she replied "*Quand trouvera mari*."

Among Zuleica's ornaments were several set with splendid diamonds and pearls. My hostess, after having examined and admired them, asked whether the jewels were all real. Zuleica looked a little offended at this question, and answered proudly, "*Mauresques jamais tenir ce que n'est pas vrai*." We were greatly amused by the interest and curiosity with which these Moorish girls examined everything we wore, and even asked the price of any article which particularly pleased them. No part of my dress escaped the scrutinizing eyes of Zuleica. She was particularly charmed with a small handkerchief I wore round my throat. I took it off and requested her to accept it as a token of my remembrance.

The eldest sister had so engaged my attention that the younger one appeared to think I had neglected her, and she timidly requested that, as I had seen all Zuleica's beautiful things, I would look at some of her's also. Accordingly she began showing me her dolls, meanwhile relating to me in her *lingua franca* the history of each. These dolls were attired in the costumes of Moorish ladies, and little Gumara assured me that the dresses were all her own making. After I had admired them, and complimented Gumara on her taste, she told me with an air of mystery that she had yet one thing more to show. So saying, she produced a doll with a huge black beard and fierce countenance, and dressed completely in imitation of the Sultan. Whilst I was engaged in admiring it, Sidi Mahmoud entered. He had heard that I could speak Italian, and he came to have a little conversation with me about Italy, a country with which he is acquainted, and in which he has himself travelled much. The father's unexpected appearance dismayed the young ladies, who coloured deeply whilst they endeavoured to hide the miniature effigy of the Sultan. I afterwards learned that Zuleica and her sister are brought up under such rigorous restraint, that even the possession of a doll in male attire is a thing prohibited.

The novelty of the information will excuse the length of this extract. It is a charming picture! This is her description of

ARAB HORSEMANSHIP.

The Turks and Arabs have only two modes of riding, viz., either pacing or very swift galloping. In this country the natives never trot, and seldom gallop at moderate speed; they are unable to do either the one or the other. But an Arab horseman proceeding alternately at a furious gallop and a leisurely pace, really journeys less speedily than a European, who keeps up a moderate but regular trot or gallop. The Arab horses can with difficulty be made to trot, and their trotting is a sharp jolting movement, very unpleasant to the rider. When, on my first arrival in this country, I saw an Arab bounding along at an headlong gallop, I concluded he must be the bearer of important despatches, or that he was riding for a wager—or, that possibly he was a criminal flying from the pursuit of justice. I was often not a little surprised, after riding on a little way, to find that we overtook the horseman whose fleetness had excited so many conjectures.

Curiosity tempted her to pay a visit to

A MOORISH BATH.

I had long been desirous of seeing one of these places, so identified with the manners and habits of the people, and, requesting the gentlemen to wait for me, I drew aside the curtain, and, without further ceremony, entered the sanctuary. In the ante-room I was met by an hideous-looking old Negress, who, laying her fat hand on my arm, seemed resolutely determined to arrest my further advance. I was about to withdraw, when, as if suddenly guessing that I wished merely to see the place, she exclaimed, in a sort of broken Spanish jargon, "No lavar, no lavar; mirar, si mirar!" meaning that I could not be permitted to bathe, but that I might look about me. Thereupon my swarthy conductress led me through several rooms filled with steam, the temperature of each being successively warmer and warmer, until at length I entered one in which I was nearly over my ankles in hot water, whilst the vapour was so thick that I was almost suffocated. This vapour hung like a veil of crape before my eyes; but through it I could perceive a group of Moorish women and negresses. Some were bathing, some amusing themselves by throwing water over each other, and some sitting on the ground painting each other's eyebrows. All were laughing and talking loudly; and the roof of the apartment being vaulted in the Moorish style, their voices resounded in multiplied echoes. As soon as they saw me, they gaped with wonder, and one or two of the party, apparently offended at my intrusion, manifested, by their gestures, an inclination to turn me out. However, I felt no disposition to prolong my visit, and, slipping a piece of money into the hand of my conductress, I speedily made my exit, not sorry to escape from the overpowering effects of the heat, the vapour, and the noise.

Having seen all the sights in the neighbourhood of Algiers, the party resolved to pay a visit to Constantina. On the way she encountered

A MOORISH FUNERAL.

We were within a very short distance of the Porte Valée, on our way back to the city, when our attention was arrested by certain monotonous muttering sounds, which led us to suspect that a funeral procession was approaching. Our conjecture proved correct, for in a very few moments a bier appeared in sight. It was preceded by a considerable number of marabouts, and followed by a train of several hundred mourners. The procession was closed by about forty women, all wearing robes of dark blue chequered cotton. These garments enveloped them from head to foot, and covered their faces so completely that not even their eyes were discernible. The procession turned from Porte Valée, in the direction of a hill called Coudiat Ali, which is the Mussulman cemetery at Constantina. The sight was pretty, and somewhat theatrical in its effect, as the long train of Arabs ascended the height of Coudiat Ali, threading their way between the thickly-scattered grave-stones. The women remained at the foot of the hill, and seated themselves on the ground, forming irregular groups, in which camels, mules, asses, and goats were intermingled. Whilst our eyes were occupied in observing these various objects, our ears were assailed by a most heterogeneous combination of sounds. Flourishes of drums and trumpets proceeded from a military band at a little distance; while, in nearer proximity, the neighing of horses and mules, the braying of asses, and the barking of dogs, were mingled with the doleful wailings of the female mourners, and the monotonous muttering of the marabouts, whose voices became fainter and fainter as they ascended the hill. All this formed a hideous concert, of which no description can convey an idea. Though we did not descry a single European in the train of mourners, each individual being muffled in a burnouse, more or less costly, according to the rank of its wearer, yet we could not resist the desire we felt to ascend Coudiat Ali, and witness the funeral ceremony. Following in the rear of the procession, we reached the summit of the hill just as the body, simply wrapped in linen cloth, was being lowered into the grave.

I must confess that I felt somewhat ill at ease when I found that we were really the only Europeans present. A cemetery is to the Mussulmans a place no less sacred

than a mosque, and I feared lest my presence might give offence, more especially on account of the playfulness of my little Italian greyhound Sætta, who, in spite of all my efforts to restrain her, frisked and gambolled among the assembled mourners; but my apprehension proved groundless, for long before the ceremony of interment was at an end, and whilst the marabouts were earnestly engaged in prayer, some of the mourners began playing with Sætta with as much unconcern as though there had been nothing more serious to engage their attention. The prayers occupied about a quarter of an hour, and, at their conclusion, all the assembled throng, mourners as well as priests, gathered up some earth with their hands, and dropped it into the grave. The whole ceremony was then at an end, and we took our departure without waiting to see the women ascend the hill, as we are informed is customary, after the men leave the grave.

A pilgrimage to a cemetery is almost the only occurrence which affords these Arab women the opportunity of taking a walk in the open air. A French officer, residing here, has assured me that the prospect of enjoying a little freedom causes them to hail a death in their families as a positive blessing. They make repeated pilgrimages to the burial-place for the space of several months, during which mourning for the dead becomes their most agreeable occupation.

Although it contains 20,000 inhabitants, Constantina is a miserable place, as will be apparent from the aspect of

THE STREETS OF CONSTANTINA.

No carts, or wheeled vehicles of any description, pass along the narrow streets, everything is conveyed on the backs of camels, mules, and asses. The footsteps of these animals are scarcely audible as they pace along the soft muddy ground, and the consequence is that pedestrians continually find themselves surrounded on a sudden by these indefatigable beasts of burden. I have once or twice seen a street completely blocked up by a single mule carrying a load of hay or straw. When two of these animals, advancing from opposite directions, meet face to face, one or other of the Arab drivers resorts to the cruel process of pulling his mule back by the tail until he arrives at a cross street, where he can stand till his opponent passes by; as to turning round, it is a thing impossible. However, this is not the worst that may happen. An unfortunate foot-passenger may get jammed between a wall and a load of hay, and so come to an untimely end. Not much less miserable is the fate that awaits the person who may chance to find himself closely wedged in between two donkeys, the one laden with the hides of animals newly flayed, and the other carrying oil, dripping copiously through the bags that contain it. In such a dilemma as this, the luckless pedestrian is tempted to exclaim, "Oh! land of the East! are these thy boasted perfumes of Arabia?"

The morals of the population are of the very worst, and the Europeans are even more depraved than the natives. Nor is this wonderful, for they consist mainly of outcasts from civilization, the dregs of French society.

Among the wonders of Barbary are

THE ENCHANTED BATHS.

These warm springs are natural phenomena, which perhaps have not their equal in the whole world. I am, therefore, quite inconsolable at the thought of having made the long and difficult journey from Bona, and having been five whole days here in Guelma, within the distance of five-and-twenty miles from those wonderful springs, yet unable to see them. At the distance of a mile or two from Hammam Meskutine, thick clouds of vapour are seen rising from these warm springs. The water is highly impregnated with calcareous properties, whose accumulated deposits have formed conical heaps, some of which are upwards of thirty feet high. From amidst these cones the springs jet forth lofty columns of water, which descend in splendid cascades, flowing over the ancient masonry, and covering it with a white calcareous stratum.

The mass produced by the crystallization of the particles escaping from the seething waters, has been, after a long lapse of years, transformed into beautiful rose-coloured marble. F—— brought me a piece of

this substance from the springs. It is precisely similar to that used in building the church at Guelma, which is obtained from a neighbouring quarry. From the remains of an ancient tower and a fort, situated near Hammam Meskutine, it is evident that these springs were known to the Romans. An old Arab legend records that, owing to the extreme wickedness of the inhabitants of these districts, God visited them with a punishment similar to that of Lot's wife, by transforming them into the conical heaps of chalk I have mentioned above. To this day, the mass of the people firmly believe that the larger cones represent the parents, and the smaller ones, the children.

Owing to the high temperature, the surrounding vegetation is clothed in the most brilliant green; and the water of a tepid brook, which flows at the foot of the cascades, though in itself as clear as a mirror, appears to be of a beautiful emerald colour. F—— told me that he was not a little surprised to see in this warm rivulet a multitude of little fishes sporting about as lively as though they had been in the coolest water. This curious, natural phenomenon is explainable by the fact, that in this rivulet, which is of considerable depth, the under currents are sufficiently cool to enable the fish to live and be healthy, though the upper current of water is so warm, that it is scarcely possible to hold the hand in it any longer than a few seconds. The hilly environs of Hammam Meskutine are exceedingly beautiful, and around the waters perpetual spring prevails.

Here we must pause, though reluctantly. If the issue of new books should not be numerous, perhaps we may have an opportunity of returning to this one. If not, we can only once again commend it heartily to the regards of our readers.

United States' Exploring Expedition, during the years 1832—42, under command of Chas. Wilkes, U.S.N. By JAMES D. DANA, A.M., Geologist of the Expedition, &c. &c. New York. Putnam.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

STRUCTURE OF CORAL FORMATIONS.

Mr. DANA gives full descriptions of the various species of coral zoophytes, their mode and probable time of growth, &c., most of which present few facts susceptible of condensation. One error, however, it may be well to insert his correction of. The coral is not built by the polypi, but is simply the natural secretion which belongs to them as the shell of the oyster does to it. It is not, however, a shell for defence into which the animal withdraws itself, it being formed entirely within its living and fleshy part. There are polypi which secrete no lime or coral, in every other respect similar to those which do. They grow upon rocks and are provided with tentacula to secure their food. They increase by buds which shoot out from their sides. In coral formations the buds spread out so thickly as to stop the life within, and hence as the process goes on all is dead mass, except just at the surface. The most extensive family of these zoophytes constitute in science the order of Actinoidea, a name given on account of their radiated or star-like shape. All the varieties are found in the greatest luxuriance in the waters of the Feejee group. None were found growing deeper than twenty fathoms.

THEORY OF THEIR ORIGIN.

The old hypothesis to account for the peculiar shape of the coral reefs and lagoons rising out of the fathomless deep, was that they were formed thus by the peculiar instinct of the polypi, who grew in that form which was best calculated to withstand the action of the waves. "They had thrown up a breast-work, as a shelter to an extensive working-ground under

'its lee,' where the infant colonies might be safely sent forth."

A more popular theory has been, that they were erected upon the craters of extinct submerged volcanoes. The reasons against this view are—1st. Had the volcano been sub-aerial and then sunk, the rim of the crater would have been destroyed; had it been originally submarine none would have been formed. 2nd. This notion requires the ocean's bed to have been thickly planted with craters, nearly of equal height and near each other—seventy in a single archipelago—conditions which never are answered in nature. 3rd. It further requires these craters should be twenty, thirty, and sometimes fifty miles in diameter. 4th. It supposes the high islands of the Pacific, near the coral ones, to abound in craters, which they do not.

The theory adopted by Mr. DANA is that of Dr. DARWIN. He supposes the peculiar form of the reefs to arise from their being built around heights of land, which, by some change in the economy of nature, has gradually subsided. If we suppose a large island or continent to sink, so that the mountains should only remain above the surface, they will, it is clear, form islands, around which the coral zoophyte, which never vegetates below twenty fathoms, will begin its fringe or reef. Let the change of level go on as before, the land, year by year, becoming more and more submerged, and the reefs will draw inwards around the high peaks, and finally as they go under will still remain a ring above them with a lagoon; for the animal could not work in the middle until the whole was submerged, and even then prefers the open ocean. This process going on for ages, that is to say, such periods of time as are but days in the eyes of geologists, so satisfactorily explains all the peculiarities of form found in the coral islands, that it is not easy to avoid the belief that this is the true supposition.

Mr. DANA does not remark upon it, but we have often thought that could the waters of the great deep be swept away from around the base of a coral archipelago, and the rock retain strength enough to support itself, what a piece of scenery would be unfolded. A great continent with a chain of lofty mountains, from whose summits immense pillars of limestone, huge enough to support the dome of heaven, should go up ten times higher than the peaks of Dahawalajeri! For these reefs must be very little inclined from the perpendicular, and there is no guessing how far they reach above the original summits about which they were begun, when the sea around is deep enough for PROSPERO to have buried his book in it. The pinnacles of icebergs or of the Alps would be insignificant in comparison with such an assemblage of Titanic stalagmites!

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

Leaving the coral formations, Mr. DANA next enters minutely into the investigation of the phenomena presented by the Hawaiian group, in which the agencies of both fire and water may be traced, and which, from their size and the grandeur of the volcanic action still going on in them, are the most interesting in the Pacific. But, as we must confine our brief sketch of his labours chiefly to what is descriptive, and the main features of the Sandwich Islands, their mountains and craters, have been so often treated of, we will skim the surface of his observations just sufficiently to make his conclusions intelligible.

The eight islands of the Hawaiian group lie between 19 and 22½ deg. N. latitude. They are Hawaii, Maui, Kahoolawe, Lanai, Molokai, Oahu, Kauai, and Niihau. They extend in a curved line 400 miles, and including the small islets of Necker and Bird, and some coral reefs which properly belong to them, nearly 2000 miles. They would appear to be the summits of two parallel ranges of mountains or volcanic centres, of which the volcanoes Mount Loa and Mount Kea, in Hawaii, are the southeastern extremities. These mountains are of nearly equal heights; Loa, according to the measurements of the Expedition, is 13,760 feet above half-tide; Kea, 13,950. Mount Hualalai, on the same island, is about 10,000 feet. On Maui, next to the west, Haleakala 10,217 feet, and Eekea 6,130 feet. Oahu has two ranges 4,000 feet, and the summit of Kauai is 8,000 feet.

Hawaii is nearly triangular in form, its three sides fronting west 85 miles, southwest 65, and northwest 75 miles; its area is 3,800 square miles. Its whole surface is made up of the cones of its three mountains, whose slopes are so gentle, that the eye scarcely perceives their altitude. In a tour round the island, Mr. DANA found the surface to consist chiefly of broad fields of various leaves covered sometimes with a thin soil and dwarf forests, and with occasionally intervening patches under cultivation, where the natives raise taro and yams. Sometimes the lava would be smooth and solid, at others in fields of scoria and lava in immense masses heaped together in the wildest confusion. These are called *clinker fields*, and are caused by the lava in its flow melting some obstruction, and cooling and hardening on the surface; then bursting out afresh and rending the crust into fragments—like the breaking up of ice in the spring, but on a much grander scale, the stream of lava being five or ten miles in width, and, in place of smooth ice, shaggy heaps of black scoria many yards in thickness. These clinker districts are often several miles in breadth, and upon some of them the whole horizon around is one wide waste of grey and black desolation beyond the power of words to describe. In the winter Mount Kea is covered with snow, while Loa, owing probably to the internal fire, is almost bare.

Mr. DANA on this journey visited the famous crater of Kilauea or Lua Pele, the pit of the goddess PELE. This is a deep pit in the side of Mount Loa, where the mountain slopes so gently as hardly to vary from a plain.

LUA PELE.

The traveller perceives his approach to the crater in a few small clouds of steam rising from fissures not far from his path. While gazing for a second indication, he stands unexpectedly upon the brink of the pit. A vast amphitheatre, seven miles and a half in circuit, has opened to view. Beneath a grey rocky precipice 650 feet, forming the bold contour, a narrow plain of hardened lava (the "black ledge") extends like a vast gallery around the whole interior. Within this gallery, below another precipice of 340 feet, lies the bottom, a wide plain of bare rock more than two miles in length.

The eye naturally ranged over the whole area for something like volcanic action, as it is usually described. But all was singularly quiet. In the dark plain that forms the bottom there was little to attract attention besides the utter dreariness of the place, excepting certain spots of a blood-red colour, which appeared to be in constant yet gentle agitation. Instead of beholding a sea of molten lava "rolling to and fro its fiery surge and flaming billows," we were surprised at the stillness of the scene. The incessant motion in the blood-red pools was like that of a cauldron in constant ebullition. The lava in each boiled with such

activity as to cause a rapid play of jets over its surface. One pool, the largest of the three then in action, was afterwards ascertained by survey to measure one thousand five hundred feet in one diameter, and a thousand in the other; and this whole area, into which the Capitol grounds at Washington might be sunk entire, was boiling, as seemed from above, with nearly the mobility of water. Still all went on quietly. Not a whisper was heard from the fires below. White vapours rose in fleecy wreaths from the pools and numerous fissures, and above the large lake they collected into a broad canopy of clouds, not unlike the snowy heaps or cumuli that lie near the horizon in a clear day, though changing more rapidly their fanciful shapes. On descending afterwards to the black ledge at the verge of the lower pit, a half-smothered gurgling sound was all that could be heard from the pools of lava. Occasionally there was a report like that of musketry, which died away, and left the same murmuring sound, the stifled mutterings of a boiling fluid.

At night, though no less quiet, the scene was one of indescribable sublimity. We were encamped on the edge of the crater, with its fires full in view. The large cauldron, in place of its bloody glare, now glowed with intense brilliancy, and the surface sparkled with shifting points of dazzling light, occasioned by the jets in constant play. A row of small basins on the south-east side of the lake were also jetting out their glowing lavas. Two other pools in another part of the pit tossed up their molten rock much like the larger cauldron, and occasionally burst out with jets forty or fifty feet in height. The broad canopy of clouds above the pit, which seemed to rest on a column of wreaths and curling heaps of lighted vapour, and the amphitheatre of rocks around the lower depths, were brightly illuminated from the boiling lavas; while a lurid red tinged the distant parts of the inclosing walls, and threw into deeper shades of darkness the many cavernous recesses. And over this scene of restless fires and fiery vapours, the heavens by contrast seemed unnaturally black, with only here and there a star-like, a dim point of light. The next night, streams of lava boiled over from the lake, and formed several glowing lines, diverging over the bottom of the crater. Towards morning there was a dense mist, and the whole atmosphere seemed on fire. Through the haze the lakes were barely distinguished by the spangles on the surface that were brightening and disappearing with incessant change.

We should be glad to copy the account of the visit to the bottom of the pit, which is given in the same observant and picturesque manner. Besides Kilauea, there are other craters on Mount Loa, the principal of which is the pit on its summit, Mohua-weo-weo, 1,300 by 800 feet diameter, and from 800 to 500 feet in depth: this emits only large volumes of steam and sulphur vapours. Mount Kea has only an extinct crater. Hualalai, the western mountain, still smokes occasionally. At Kailua, near its base, there is a warm cavern, where glauber salts form in large quantities.

In concluding his observations on the character of the volcanic action at Hawaii, Mr. DANA remarks: 1st. The peculiarity of Mount Loa in having no cinder cone around its terminal crater, therein being unlike the volcanoes of the Andes and Mexico. 2nd. The quietness of its eruptions. In 1843, the mountain was rent for a distance of twenty-five or more miles without a murmur reaching Hilo on the eastern shore. 3rd. The isolation of the lines or conduits of volcanic action. Eruptions take place at the summit, 13,760 feet in height when the great pool of Kilauea, 10,000 feet lower on the slope sixteen miles distant, is not disturbed. If the two streams unite, therefore, Mr. DANA thinks it must be at so great a depth that the difference in height between the two pipes or legs of the syphon will be inappreciable. We cannot admit his reasoning on this point; for if the lava were in a perfectly

fluid state it would certainly balance itself, whatever might be the length of the columns of it. Perhaps a truer explanation is, that the expansive force below is just counterpoised, in both instances, by the thicker mass of the lakes of Kilauea, and the higher and narrower column of the summit crater, *i. e.*, we may have irregular columns of fluid, of unequal height, yet pressing with equal force per square inch upon their bases. We may have two columns of mercury in two different thermometer tubes of different size and graduation, both proceeding from the same bulb. May we not?

4th. Mr. DANA infers that the volcanoes are fed by the fresh waters of the island. 5th. He doubts, very reasonably, whether volcanoes are ever *safety valves*, as they have often been termed. 6th. He argues that there can be no truth, at least as regards Mount Loa, in the hypothesis that the phases of volcanic action depend on water gaining access to the central fires of the globe. And, lastly, he endeavours to account, by the supposition of subsidence, for the origin of Kilauea and the pit craters of Mount Loa. On all these points he supports his views with much ingenious reasoning.

The account of Hawaii is followed by a separate geological investigation of each of the islands composing the group, and the whole subject concludes with a theory of their origin, which we give in Mr. DANA's own words:—

We shall in another place present reasons for believing that the commencement of the eruptions of Hawaii may date as far back as the early carboniferous or Silurian epoch. We naturally conclude, from the facts which have been considered, that on the first rupture of the crust which determined the position of the islands, lavas were poured out, as now, at an eruption of Mount Loa. This was followed by continued ejections from certain points in the line, which went on building up volcanic mountains—whether submerged or not we may hereafter consider. From Kanai to Mount Loa all may thus have simultaneously commenced their ejections, and have continued in operation during the same epoch, till one after another became extinct. Now, the only burning summits, out of the thirteen which were once in action from Nihiha to Hawaii, are those of Loa and Hualalai; we might say further, that these are all out of a number unknown, which stretched along for fifteen hundred miles, the length of the whole range. This appears to be a correct view of the origin of the Hawaiian Islands.

(To be continued.)

FICTION.

Hylton House and its Inmates. A Novel. By the author of "The Hen-pecked Husband," &c. In 3 vols. London: Newby. 1850.

THIS is certainly above the average of circulating library novels. It is some time since we have received a novel from Mr. NEWBY's formerly prolific establishment and this recent paucity of publication by him, followed by the appearance of one of such unusual worth is, we hope, an earnest that more care is being exercised in the acceptance of manuscripts, and that we shall not be called upon in the honest discharge of our duty to our readers to find fault with so many of them as formerly we were compelled to do. A publisher should endeavour to keep up a reputation for bringing out good books, so that his name upon a title-page should be in itself a recommendation, as an assurance that it does not at least preface trash. Such a reputation Mr. Newby appears now to be desirous of attaining, and *Hylton House* is a pledge that, if he continues to make the same judicious selections, he will gain his object.

There is a strain of pleasant, lively narrative in this novel, which carries the reader onward with unflagging attention, and permits no single page to be dull or wearisome. The characters are drawn with uncommon spirit, Sir ROGER being elaborated with artistic skill, and

Mr. VERNEY being a portrait that would have reflected credit upon THEODORE HOOK. The story is well contrived, and the denouement ingeniously kept out of view till the latest moment; curiosity is ever on the stretch to know how it will end. *Hylton House* may safely be added to the shelves of the circulating library.

People I have Met. By N. P. WILLIS. London: Bohn.

ANOTHER of Mr. BOHN's shilling series, handsomely got up and printed in a bold clear type. As to the work itself, it scarcely deserves its popularity, for, like all of WILLIS's productions, it is somewhat flimsy and flashy; but it is pleasant, because very light reading for railways and leisure moments.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

More Verse and Prose. By the CORN LAW RHYMER. In 2 vols. Vol. 2. London: Fox. 1850.

WE noticed the first volume of this work at some length, and stated our views of the peculiar genius of EBENEZER ELLIOTT. We have now only to introduce the second volume to our readers, which we do without further comment, merely gleaned two or three of the most remarkable of its contents, as further illustrations of the observations we then made. A true lyric is the

YOUNG POET'S PLAIN.

God, release our dying sister!
Beauteous blight hath sadly kiss'd her:
Whiter than the wild, white roses,
Famine in her face discloses
Mate submission, patience holy,
Passing fair! but passing slowly.

Though she said "You know I'm dying,"
In her heart green trees are sighing;
Not of them hath pain bereft her;
In the city, where we left her:
"Bring," she said, "a hedge-side blossom!"
Love shall lay it on her bosom.

And very fine is the

ARTISAN'S OUTDOOR HYMN.

Again, Oh, Lord, we humbly pray
That Thou wilt guide our steps aright;
Bless here, this day, thy'd Labour's day!
Oh, fill our souls with love and light!
For failing food, six days in seven,
We till the black town's dust and gloom;
But here we drink the breath of heav'n,
And here to pray the poor have room.
The stately temple, built with hands,
Throws wide its doors to pomp and pride;
But in the porch their beadsle stands,
And thrusts the child of toil aside.
Therefore, we seek the daisied plain,
Or climb thy hills, to touch thy feet;
Here, far from splendour's city-fane,
Thy weary sons and daughters meet.
Is it a crime to tell thee here,
That here the sorely-tried are met?
To seek thy face, and find thee near?
And on thy rock our feet to set?
Where, wheeling wide, the plover flies;
Where sings the woodlark on the tree;
Beneath the music of thy skies,
Is it a crime to worship thee?
"We waited long, and sought thee, Lord,"
Content to tell, but not to pine;
And with the weapons of Thy Word
Alone, assail'd our foes and thine.
Thy truth and thee, we bade them fear;
They spurn Thy truth, and mock our moan!
"Thy counsels, Lord, they will not hear,
And thou hast left them to their own."

And this

THE IMITATED LANE.

Now, Landscape-Maker, that with living trees
Greatest Painting! thou should'st hither come,
And here learn how the town-sick heart to please,
Can'st thou not, in thy tiny wild, find room
For a wild lane, that with capricious ease
Shading or brightening self-taught branch or flower,
Will saunter gently to a seated bowser?
Or lead thee through a cloudlet of green gloom,
Cheer'd by the music of its hidden rills,
To sudden sunburst? where the hunter's cry
Looks down on rivers, and the distant hills
Climb to the firmament, yet marry not
Their purple to the orange-blaze, that fills
O'er arching heav'n with pomp,
And peace, and power!

A lecture on Poetry is appended. We like his prose even better than his verse. It has more power. We cannot omit a specimen of it, and we take the poet's eloquent vindication of

THE CHARACTER OF BURNS.

I must now conclude, with a few observations on the lives and characters of the two great founders of the Modern School of Poetry. Perhaps no falsehood has been more frequently repeated, than that men of genius are less fortunate and less virtuous than other men; but the obvious truth, that they who attempt little are less liable to failure than they who attempt much, will account for the proverbial good luck of fools. In our estimate of the sorrows and failings of literary men, we forget that sorrow is the common lot; we forget, too, that the misfortunes and the errors of men of genius are recorded; and that, although their virtues may be utterly forgotten, their minutest faults will be sure to find zealous historians. And this is as it should be. Let the dead instruct us. But slanderers blame, in individuals, what belongs to the species. "We women," says Clytemnestra in Eschylus, when meditating the murder of her husband, and in reply to an attendant who was praising the gentleness of the sex; "We women are—what we are." So it is with us all. Then, let every fault of men of genius be known; but let not hypocrisy come with a sponge, and wipe away their virtues.

Of the misfortunes of Cowper, we have all heard, and certainly he was unfortunate, for he was liable to fits of insanity. But it might be said of him, that he was tended through life by weeping angels. Warm-hearted friends watched and guarded him with intense and unwearied solicitude; the kindest hearted of the softer sex, the best of the best, seem to have been born only to anticipate his wants. A glance at the world, will show us that his fate, though sad, was not saddest; for how many madmen are there, and how many men still more unfortunate than madmen, who have no living creature to aid, or soothe or pity them! Think of Milton—"blind among enemies!"

But the saddest incident in the life of Cowper remains to be told. In his latter days, he was pensioned by the crown—a misfortune which I can forgive to him, but not to destiny. It is consoling to think, that he was not long conscious of his degradation after the cruel kindness was inflicted on him. But why did not his friends—if weary of sustaining their kinsman stricken by the arrows of the Almighty, suffer him to perish in a beggars' madhouse? Would he had died in a ditch rather than this shadow had darkened over his grave! Burns was more fortunate in his death than Cowper: he lived self-supported to the end. Glorious hearted Burns! Noble, but unfortunate Cowper!

Burns was one of the few poets fit to be seen. It has been asserted that genius is a disease,—the malady of physical inferiority. It is certain, that we have heard of Pope, the hunchback; of Scott and Byron, the cripples; of the epileptic Julius Caesar, who, it is said, never planned a great battle without going into fits; and of Napoleon, whom a few years of trouble killed; where Cobbett (a man of talent, not of genius) would have melted St. Helena, rather than have given up the ghost with a full belly. If Pope could have leaped over five-barred gates, he probably would not have written his inimitable sofa-and-lap-dog poetry; but it does not follow, that he would not have written the "Essay on Man;" and they who assert that genius is a physical disease, should remember that, as true critics are more rare than true poets, we having only one in our language, William Hazlitt—so, very tall and complete men are as rare as genius itself, a fact well known to persons who have the appointment of constables. And if it is undeniable that God wastes nothing, and that we, therefore, perhaps seldom find a gigantic body combined with a soul of Eolian tones; it is equally undeniable, that Burns was an exception to the rule—a man of genius, tall, strong and handsome, as any man that could be picked out of a thousand at a country fair.

But he was unfortunate, we are told. Unfortunate! He was a tow-hecker who cleared six hundred pounds by the sale of his poems: of which sum he left two hundred pounds behind him, in the hands of his brother Gilbert: two facts which prove that he could neither be so unfortunate, nor so imprudent, as we are told he was.

If he had been a mere tow-hecker, I suspect he would never have possessed six hundred shillings.

But he *was* imprudent, it is said. Now, he is a wise man who has done one act that influences beneficially his whole life. Burns did three such acts—he wrote poetry—he published it; and, despairing of his farm, he became an exciseman. It is true he did one imprudent act; and, I hope, the young persons around me will be warned by it: he took a farm, without thoroughly understanding the business of farming. It does not appear that he wasted or lost any capital, except what he threw away in his farm. He was unlucky, but not imprudent in giving it up when he did. Had he held it a little longer, the Bank Restriction Act would have enriched him at the expense of his landlord; but Burns was an honest man, and, therefore, alike incapable of desiring and foreseeing that enormous villany.

But he was neglected we are told. Neglected! No strong man in good health, *can* be neglected, if he is true to himself. For the benefit of the young, I wish we had a correct account of the number of persons who fail of success, in a thousand that resolutely strive to do well. I do not think it exceeds one per cent. By whom was Burns neglected? Certainly not by the people of Scotland: for they paid him the highest compliment that can be paid to an author: they bought his book! Oh, but he ought to have been pensioned. Pensioned! Cannot we think of poets without thinking of pensions? Are they such poor creatures, that they cannot earn an honest living? Let us hear no more of such degrading and insolent nonsense.

But he was a drunkard, it is said. I do not mean to exculpate him, when I say, that he was, probably, no worse in that respect than his neighbours; for he *was* worse if he was not better than they, the balance being against him; and his Almighty Father would not fail to say to him, "What didst thou with the lent talent?" But drunkenness, in his time, was the vice of his country—it is so still; and if the traditions of Dumfries are to be depended on, there are allurements which Burns was much less able to resist than those of the bottle; and the supposition of his frequent indulgence in the crimes to which those allurements lead, is incompatible with that of his habitual drunkenness.

The Christian Life: a Manual of Sacred Verse. By ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M. A. Third Edition. London: Rivingtons.

THE popularity attained by this work has induced its republication in a volume of pocket size, very neatly printed in a small but clear type, so that it may be a companion in the walk, where meditation most loves to revel in the poetry of religion. This edition has been revised by the author, and material alterations have been made, inasmuch that it is almost a new work. As we have already formally criticised it as a literary production, it will suffice here to announce it in its new and more portable shape.

We present one specimen:

THE MORAL POWER OF HARMONY.

"The rest were chosen to give thanks unto the Lord with musical instruments of God."—1 Chron. xvi. 41, 42.

I love to hear the wizard tones
Of thunder, storm, and booming sea,
The wave-voiced winds, and tragic groans
Which make creation's minstrelsy,—
When Art and Genius such a triumph gain
That all seem blended in some master strain.

And harmony can also bring
What mental visions love to view,
Pictures, beyond what poets sing,
When most they make the world untrue,—
Landscapes of beauty, isles of bloom and balm,
Elysian verdure, and ambrosial calm.

But music yields a nobler spell
Than nature can alone impart;
And with far more than tones can tell
She oft inspires the echoing heart
To her belongs Association's power,
That haunts remembrance in its purest hour.

Melodious counterparts of mind
How often do some chords impress,
When genius, with a hand refined,
Creates the sounds we only bless!—
All passions, hopes, all principles and fears
Melt into music, and entrance our ears.

Thus, harmony to man may seem
A soul in sound, express'd and heard,
Or like an Angel in our dream

Who whispers some celestial word,
Till minds o'erfraught with feeling's warmest glow
Thrill into tears, and softly overflow.

And oh, ye dead! who never die
For though removed from outward gaze,
Your resurrection is the sigh
Pure memory to your virtue pays,—
Though unhehld, how oft in music's strain
Your deep eyes look into our hearts again!

Yes, chords are touch'd, whose tones awake
And strike the soul's electric string,
That vibrates till it seems to break
With those intense appeals that bring
Youth, home and childhood, fields, and faces dear
Back to the heart, which bathes them with a tear.

Thus music, like religion, oft
May elevate the heaven-wing'd mind,
By wafting it to worlds aloft
For peace and purity design'd:
'Tis inspiration, though mere sound it seems,
Prompting the good to more than glory dreams.

We praise Thee, God! for this fine spell
Unfathom'd harmony can wield:
But, teach us to employ it well,
That it may grace and grandeur yield,
Whether by organ-chant, or choral hymn
Which rolls and deepens down cathedrals dim.

And when congenial hearts delight
In homes of quiet bliss to hear
Soft household strains, that make the night
To memory as to music dear,
Like silver drops of some melodious shower
Heard in the dewy hush of twilight hour,—

Music seems more than common air
Through chorded instrument awaking,
And oft resembles dying prayer,
Or sighs from lonely hearts half-breaking:—
Thus none can dream where harmonies descend,
Or how their spirit with our own can blend.

Hence music proves a sacred thing,
A power no mortal words can tell;
A heaven of sounds it seems to bring
On earth awhile to float and dwell,—
A breaking forth of melodies above,
A speech of seraphim, on lips of love!

And oft methinks the tones that die
And soundless grow to mortal ear,
May re-ascend their mystic sky,
From whence they sank to our low sphere,—
Like that bright choir who soar'd from Judah's plain,
To chant in heaven what earth ne'er heard again.

Sprays from the Hedgerows. By Mrs. HADFIELD. London: Darton and Clark. 1850.

ANOTHER Quaker Poetess, at least we presume so from the portrait prefixed to this volume. Mrs. HADFIELD possesses much of the spirit of MARY HOWITT. The simplicity of her sect is infused into her verses. The subjects are all rural or domestic, and the treatment of them, if wanting in the loftier flights of poesy and eloquence, is always pleasing. A little more care in perfecting her metres would be desirable, but there could not be placed in the hands of young persons a more wholesome collection of poems. A specimen will show this.

Very beautiful in its simplicity is the

INFANT'S MORNING PRAYER.

Father! I thank thee for thy care,
In watching o'er me through the night,
And let me still thy blessing share;
Now that the morning sun is bright.
O! make me watchful through the day,
And think before I speak a word,
For should I whisper all I say,
I know that Thou in Heaven hast heard.

Make me to every playmate kind,
And try to please them all I may,
And if they tease me never mind,
But strive to think 'tis all in play.

Grant me thy Holy Spirit's power,
To purify my every thought;
To keep and guard me every hour,
That I may grow just what I ought.

Quick to obey the slightest word,
And run as soon as I am told,
That I may live to serve the Lord,
Like little Samuel of old.

Teach me on Jesus to believe,
And feel that he has died for me,
That when I lay me down at eve,
Forgiven—I may have peace with Thee.

The Seaside and the Fireside. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor, Reed and Fields. 1850. 16mo.

MR. LONGFELLOW's new volume contains a number of

poems which are now printed for the first time, together with all of his later poems which are not comprised in any of his previous volumes. Many of these poems are among his finest productions; and, upon the whole, we think the volume fully equal to either of his former collections of miscellaneous poems. We gladly join our Amen to the hope so gracefully expressed in the Dedication, that it may be no unwelcome or strange visitant either by the seaside or the fireside. Yet the utterance of this hope seems almost unnecessary; for Mr. LONGFELLOW is always a favourite, and anything from his pen is sure of a kind reception—sure of such a reception, from its own merits and the author's great popularity. We quote the lines, however, for their great beauty and simplicity:

DEDICATION.

As one who, walking in the twilight gloom,
Hears round about him voices as it darkens,
And seeing not the forms from which they come,
Pauses from time to time, and turns and hearkens;

So walking here in twilight, O my friends!
I hear your voices, softened by the distance,
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends
His words of friendship, comfort and assistance.

If any thought of mine, or sung or told,
Has ever given delight or consolation,
Ye have repaid me back a thousand fold,
By every friendly sign and salutation.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown!
Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,
Friends are around us, though no word be spoken.

Kind messages, that pass from land to land;
Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history,
In which we feel the pressure of a hand,—
One touch of fire,—and all the rest is mystery!

The pleasant books, that silently among
Our household treasures take familiar places,
And are to us as if a living tongue
Spoke from the printed leaves or pictured faces!

Perhaps on earth I never shall behold,
With eye of sense, your outward form and semblance;
Therefore to me ye never will grow old,
But live for ever young in my remembrance.

Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away!
Your gentle voices will flow on for ever,
When life grows bare and tarnished with decay,
As through a leafless landscape flows a river.

Not chance of birth or place has made us friends,
Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations,
But the endeavour for the selfsame ends,
With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.

Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk,
Saddened, and mostly silent with emotion;
Not interrupting with intrusive talk
The grand, majestic symphonies of ocean.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited!

The longest of the original poems is entitled "The Building of the Ship," and is altogether superior to anything Mr. LONGFELLOW has written except "Evangeline," and, perhaps, one or two other poems of less length. A master builder receives directions from a ship-owner to build him a new vessel, and joyfully obeys the command:—

And first with nicest skill and art,
Perfect and finished in every part,
A little model the master wrought,
Which should be to the larger plan
What the child is to the man,
Its counterpart in miniature;
That with a hand more swift and sure
The greater labours might be brought
To answer to his inward thought.

The model being nicely finished, we are next introduced to the ship-yard:—

Covering many a rood of ground
Lay the timber piled around;
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,
And scattered here and there, with these,
The knarred and crooked cedar knees;
Brought from regions far away,
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!
Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in motion.
There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall.

The ship-builder's golden-haired daughter is betrothed to a young man in her father's employment: and when

all the materials for the ship are prepared, the old man thus addresses the youth:—

Thus, said he, will we build this ship!
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
And follow well this plan of mine.
Choose the timbers with greatest care;
Of all that is unsound beware;
For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong.
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine.
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,
And the Union be her name!
For the day that gives her to the sea
Shall give my daughter unto thee.

The old man's words cause the boy's heart to beat with a new joy, and his hands to labour with unwonted zeal:—

Ah, how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command!
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far exceedeth all the rest!

Thus with the rising of the sun
Was the noble bark begun.
And soon throughout the ship-yard's bounds
Were heard the intermingling sounds
Of axes and of mallets plied
With vigorous arms on every side;
Plied so deftly and so well,
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,
The keel of oak for a noble ship,
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,
Was lying ready, and stretched along
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.
Happy, thrice happy, every one
Who sees his labour well begun,
And not perplexed and multiplied,
By idly waiting for time and tide.

We then follow the building of the ship, which is graphically described, until

All is hushed! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendours dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The launch is next described. Upon the deck stand the youthful builder and his fair bride; and, as the ship bounds into her future home, the nuptial blessing is pronounced over the happy couple, whose bridal day is the reward of faithful exertions. The poem concludes with the following beautiful lines:—

Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer,
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness, and love, and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust:
And in the wreck of noble lives,
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, each sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

From this brief analysis and these disconnected extracts, our readers will be able to form some idea of the simplicity and beauty of the story, and the grace and melody of the verse; but they can form no adequate idea of the winning sweetness of the poem considered as a whole. Every part is admirably joined, and the whole has a truthfulness and scholarly finish which at once

arrest the reader. He finds himself lingering over the poem long after he has closed the book; and returns to it constantly with pleasure.

Of the remaining poems in the first part, we give a decided preference to "Sir Humphrey Gilbert," "The Lighthouse," and "The Fire of Driftwood." Two of these have been very extensively copied by the newspapers; and they are probably well known to many of our readers. But the second is new, and seems to us the best of the three.

The second part,—"*By the Fireside*,"—opens with "*Resignation*," which even now is wandering up and down through the papers, and which seems likely to become as great a favourite as "*The Psalm of Life*." The other poems which will attract the most notice, are "*Sand of the Desert in an Hour-glass*," "*Gaspar Becerra*," "*Pegasus in Pound*," "*Sonnet*," and "*The Singers*." We quote the two last, mentioning, by the way, that "*The Singers*" are spoken of as TENNYSON, WHITTIER, and WORDSWORTH—of course to be merged in the class.

SONNET

ON MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

O precious evenings! all too swiftly sped!
Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages,
Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages,
And giving tongues unto the silent dead!
How our hearts glowed and trembled as she read,
Interpreting by tones the wondrous pages
Of the great poet who foreruns the ages,
Anticipating all that shall be said!
O happy Reader! having for thy text
The magic book, whose Sibylline leaves have caught
The rarest essence of all human thought!
O happy Poet! by no critic vex!
How must thy listening spirit now rejoice
To be interpreted by such a voice!

THE SINGERS.

God sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A grey old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

These are the three great chords of might,
And he whose car is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

RELIGION.

An Appeal to the People of England on behalf of their Church. By an English Priest.
London: Masters.

Two Sermons preached at St. David's, Exeter. By C. C. BARTHOLOMEW, Incumbent.
London: Masters.

THE first of these publications, elicited by the GORHAM controversy, more than establishes the assertion made in our last, that, whether rightly or wrongly, the Bishop's party would carry us over to Rome. This very clever pamphlet is written expressly to prove that the whole Prayer Book is, in fact, Roman Catholic, and that all the articles of the Church are identical with Roman Catholicism. "She has," he says, "the succession, and has not rejected one article of the Catholic faith."

What, then, is the position in which the thoughtful and earnest children of the Church of England find themselves in these times?

They are first startled, and distressed with the formidable charge, which they cannot but hear, for it is forced upon them, that they are not in the Body of Salvation.

They are yet more startled and distressed on account of the quarter from which it comes. The awful charge is preferred by the united voice of all the Churches in Communion with the most venerable See in the world, ruled by him who is confessedly the Primate of Christendom.

It is a yet more anxious reflection that a missionary from the Chair of St. Peter itself was the founder of the present Church of England. I do not see how any one can refuse to admit this, whose affection for his Church does not blind him to historical facts.

The means by which the interruption of Communion was effected were clearly schismatical; wholesale sacrilege was afterwards added by the chief and guilty actor in that event.

This is avowing, as plainly as language will permit, that the separation of the Church of England from Rome is *schismatical*. That is the doctrine which the Privy Council are abused for not affirming.

He states that the doctrines and ritual prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer are these:

The worship of God in Morning and Evening Prayer to be offered by the officiating minister and the other clerics present from stalls in the chancel or choir, the people taking their proper part in the nave; not preached at the people from a wooden box erected amongst them.

He then details the Catholic doctrines enjoined by the Prayer Book:

The Priestly power to absolve from sin, commonly called the power of the keys, bestowed from God through the laying on of hands of the Bishop.

Penance as a satisfaction for sin.—This is shown in the observance she orders of so many days and seasons of fasting and abstinence.

To this he adds *Baptismal Regeneration* and the *Real Presence* as doctrines of the Prayer Book! Thus he continues:

The Church of England was for 1,500 years Catholic. She did not profess to give up her Catholicism when she withdrew from the Papal supremacy. She ostentatiously preferred her claim to retain it. She does so now; she prays for the Catholic Church: she retains the Catholic succession: she administers the Catholic Sacrament: she appeals to pure tradition: a Catholic Council is her acknowledged final court of appeal: she retains the Catholic Creeds: and she excommunicates those who reject her faith and discipline. The writer and others claim her as their own for such reasons as these. They will not without a struggle give her up. And we call upon the fairness of all our countrymen to say whether our claim is just or not.

Is not all we said of the ultimate consequences of giving to a synod the power to determine what are or shall be the doctrines of the Church more than justified by this confession of one of its clergy?

Light for the Sick Room: a Book for the Afflicted. By JABEZ BURNS, D.D. London: Houlston and Stoneman. 1850.

A DELIGHTFUL volume, composed expressly for the consolation and improvement of the sick-room. Dr. BURNS points out, with true christian earnestness, the moral and religious uses of sickness, the lessons it should teach, the thoughts it should induce, and the exercises in which the invalid should employ himself. A chapter on Heaven properly directs the contemplations to that haven where the weary are at rest, and pain is no more felt, and the volume is appropriately concluded with a collection of death-bed scenes, proving the consolations that have resulted from the firm faith of the christian. It is a volume that will be welcome to all to whom it is addressed.

Sermons addressed to Parents, Masters, Servants, and Young Men. By JOSIAH BATEMAN, M.A., Vicar of Huddersfield and Rural Dean. London: Whittaker and Co. 1850.

FOUR sermons addressed each to one of the classes named in the title. They are full of practical teaching, earnest, persuasive, and convincing, because they proclaim great truths in homely eloquence. The preacher reviews the position of the parent, the master, the servant, and the youth, and shows the duties that flow from it; and he does more—he not only tells them what they ought to do, but how to do it,—the most difficult and the last learned of the lessons of morality. This little volume should be widely distributed, for it must carry improvement wherever it is read.

THE controversy now raging is producing a host of pamphlets on either sides. Among them the following have requested a notice in the CRITIC: *A Letter addressed to an Old Lady by "a Friend of the Family,"* is a smirking satire, having much of the broad humour of Swift's "Tale of a Tub." The rival churches, or rather sects of the Establishment, are described under the names of Miss EVE ANGELICA CHURCH, and Miss ANGELA CATHOLICA CHURCH; the latter of course hyping the Puseyite party, the former, the genuine Roman Catholics. Miss ANGELA is painted as "the younger and prettier, with a taste for flowers and quaint devices, not unbecoming, though savouring too much of fantastic whim and romance. Unlike other young ladies she wishes to be thought older than she is; a proof not only of her peculiar fancy, but also of her bold defiance of the world's knowledge, for she cannot but be aware that many of us remember her christening." This passage will show the style of this clever brochure.—*Church and State* is a powerful and ably-written pamphlet reviewing the position of the Church and avowing frankly that the crisis has come, and that the Church must either wring independent power from the State or cut the connexion. There can be no doubt about it. If they are not content to do the bidding of the State in return for the honour and emoluments they receive from the State, duty and honesty alike call upon them to throw up those honours and emoluments and quit an establishment in which they cannot conscientiously minister. The claim to be at once independent of the State and paid by the State is so monstrous that it will never be conceded, therefore the better course will be at once to resign. The pamphlet before us contemplates this result, but argues only that it should not be yet awhile.—Mr. IERSON has published some Lectures in a different strain. In the *Decay of Traditional Faith and the Re-establishment of Faith*, he reviews the present position of theology, and contends that the prevalent differences of opinion, even upon vital questions, vindicates the expediency of seeking some more certain standard of faith. He reasons with great power and eloquence, but we cannot give assent to his conclusions.—*Romanism in England* is a reprint of a series of letters, first published in a weekly periodical, descriptive of the superstitions that are actually being practised and promulgated in England at this moment. It is a timely exposure, for it shows what we should come to, if the Establishment were to be placed under the control of Convocation instead of being regulated by the State.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Letters on Early Education, addressed to J. P. Greaves, Esq. By PESTALOZZI. With a Memoir. London: Gilpin. 1850.

A REPRINT of a translation of PESTALOZZI's letters, prefaced by a brief but very interesting memoir of the writer. To PESTALOZZI, the cause of education is deeply indebted for its rescue from the regions of prejudice, and the introduction of common sense, and what may be termed the philosophy of human nature. All his references were to nature; he did not ask what was the custom, or what grandmothers did, or nurses taught; but what were the dictates of reason founded on observation of the mental characters of chil-

dren. His works on the education of youth effected a revolution in Europe. Very slowly did they find acceptance in England, and even now his principles are only beginning to be understood and carried into practice among us; but they are making way, and when we see an improved system of education adopted in a school, we may thank PESTALOZZI for it, although it may be forgotten, even by the adopter, that he was its author.

But his letters on Early Education, the training of childhood, are not so well known as his works on the training of youth. Probably few of our generation of parents have read them. Yet are they not less fraught with wisdom than his more famous compositions. There is not a parent in the land who would not glean much invaluable information from a perusal of these epistles, and help in the difficult and delicate task of so managing children, as to preserve the happy medium between indulgence and severity, neglect and forcing, indolence and over-work, restraint and license.

In these letters, PESTALOZZI begins with the first dawning of intelligence, before the child can speak, and he traces step by step its progress, and points out, with reasons for his suggestions, by what means its intellect is to be cultivated, its memory strengthened, its temper tutored, its health cultivated. The instrument upon which he mainly relies for the accomplishment of his object is kindness.

THE MOTHER'S FIRST DUTY.

I would wish every mother to pay attention to the difference between a course of action, adopted in compliance with the authority, and between a conduct pursued for the sake of another.

The first proceeds from reasoning; the second flows from affection. The first may be abandoned, when the immediate cause may have ceased to exist; the latter will be permanent, as it did not depend upon circumstances, or accidental considerations, but is founded in a moral and constant principle.

In the case now before us, if the infant does not disappoint the hope of the mother, it will be a proof, first of affection, and secondly, of confidence.

Of affection—for the earliest, and the most innocent wish to please, is that of the infant to please the mother. If it be questioned, whether that wish can at all exist in one so little advanced in development, I would again, as I do upon almost all occasions, appeal to the experience of mothers.

It is a proof, also, of confidence. Whenever an infant has been neglected; when the necessary attention has not been paid to its wants; and when, instead of the smile of kindness, it has been treated with the frown of severity; it will be difficult to restore it to that quiet and amiable disposition, in which it will wait for the gratification of its desires without impatience, and enjoy it without greediness.

If affection and confidence have once gained ground in the heart, it will be the first duty of the mother to do everything in her power to encourage, to strengthen, and to elevate this principle.

PESTALOZZI was an earnest advocate for

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

The revival of gymnastics is, in my opinion, the most important step that has been done in that direction. The great merit of the gymnastic art is not the facility with which certain exercises are performed, or the qualification which they may give for certain exertions that require much energy and dexterity; though an attainment of that sort is by no means to be despised. But the greatest advantage resulting from a practice of those exercises, is the natural progress which is observed in the arrangement of them, beginning with those which, while they are easy in themselves, yet lead as a preparatory practice to others which are more complicated and more difficult. There is not, perhaps, any art in which it may be so clearly shown, that energies which appeared to be wanting, are to be produced, as it were, or at least are

to be developed, by no other means than practice alone. This might afford a most useful hint to all those who are engaged in teaching any object of instruction, and who meet with difficulties in bringing their pupils to that proficiency which they had expected. Let them recommence on a new plan, in which the exercises shall be differently arranged, and the subjects brought forward in a manner that will admit of the natural progress from the easier to the more difficult. When talent is wanting altogether, I know that it cannot be imparted by any system of education. But I have been taught by experience to consider the cases, in which talents of any kind are absolutely wanting, but very few. And in most cases, I have had the satisfaction to find, that a faculty which had been quite given over, instead of being developed, had been obstructed rather in its agency by a variety of exercises which tended to perplex or to deter from further exertion.

And here I would attend to a prejudice, which is common enough, concerning the use of gymnastics; it is frequently said, that they may be very good for those who are strong enough; but that those who are suffering from weakness of constitution would be altogether unequal to, and even endangered by, a practice of gymnastics.

Now, I will venture to say, that this rests merely upon a misunderstanding of the first principles of gymnastics: the exercises not only vary in proportion to the strength of individuals; but exercises may be, and have been devised, for those also who were decidedly suffering. And I have consulted the authority of the first physicians, who declared, that in cases which had come under their personal observation, individuals affected with pulmonary complaints, if these had not already proceeded too far, had been materially relieved and benefited by a constant practice of the few and simple exercises, which the system in such cases proposes.

And for this very reason, that exercises may be devised for every age, and for every degree of bodily strength, however reduced, I consider it to be essential, that mothers should make themselves acquainted with the principles of gymnastics, in order that, among the elementary and preparatory exercises, they may be able to select those which, according to circumstances, will be most likely to suit and benefit their children.

If the physical advantage of gymnastics is great and incontrovertible, I would contend, that the moral advantage resulting from them is as valuable. I would again appeal to your own observation. You have seen a number of schools in Germany and Switzerland, of which gymnastics formed a leading feature; and I recollect that in our conversations on the subject, you made the remark, which exactly agrees with my own experience, that gymnastics, well conducted, essentially contribute to render children not only cheerful and healthy, which, for moral education, are two all-important points, but also to promote among them a certain spirit of union, and a brotherly feeling, which is most gratifying to the observer: habits of industry, openness and frankness of character, personal courage, and a manly conduct in suffering pain, are also among the natural and constant consequences of an early and a continued practice of exercises on the gymnastic system.

In these two passages the style of the letters will be seen, and they will suffice to recommend this volume to the attentive perusal of every parent desirous of doing his duty to his children.

First Class Book of Physical Geography. By Mrs. RHIND. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.

ANOTHER school-book devoted to teaching Physical Geography, but still more elementary than any we have yet received. It is adapted for children from ten years of age and upwards.

This volume treats of inorganic nature, as Meteorology, the winds, the clouds, the distribution of heat, the electricity of the atmosphere, the ocean, mountains, springs, rivers, &c. It will be readily learned and certainly remembered by children because it is sure to awaken their curiosity and amuse them quite as much as it instructs.

Pleasant Pastime; or Drawing-Room Dramas, for private Representation by the Young. London: A. Hall and Co. 1850

A HAPPY enterprise!—Private Theatricals are in vogue just now, stimulated by the example of the Palace. It is one to be encouraged. Few amusements are so fraught with advantages to the participants, for it improves the memory and the manner; gives self confidence, compels the mind to understand what it learns and infuses a taste for polite literature. To children the practice of acting plays is peculiarly beneficial. The difficulty, however, is to find dramas fitted for them, for of course, the acting drama of the library being written for grown persons is beyond their capacities. The little volume before us supplies the desideratum. It contains several dramas prettily written, founded on stories in history or biography. Each consists of two acts. A careful description is prefixed of the proper costumes, and an excellent and instructive moral is attached to each. We heartily commend this charming volume to every family circle.

Stansbury's Arithmetical Class Tablets. Madden. 1850.

CARDS, upon which sums are printed, beginning with simple addition, and advancing to more complicated ones by regular steps. There are twelve copies of each, so that a class of twelve may be taught at once. The idea is new and will be a useful one, as it is capable of indefinite extension.

My Old Pupils. By the author of "My School-boy Days," &c. London: A. Hall and Co.

A pretty little story-book for children, in which a great deal of useful knowledge is conveyed in the most pleasant form, without the appearance of teaching. The nursery will rejoice in the reading of this volume, and profit by it.

Hughes's Outlines of Physical Geography. London: Longman and Co.

THIS is on the same subject as the book last noticed but addressed to older pupils. This should be read in class, and then the readers, still in class, questioned by the master on the portions they have read, and the lesson of to-day should again form the subject of examination to-morrow.

Hughes's Explanatory Arithmetic. Part 1. London: Longman and Co.

THIS is really an intelligible arithmetic. It makes clear to the understanding of youth both the principles and the methods of ciphering.

SMALL BOOKS.

WE have received the second number of the valuable series of papers read before the Syro-Egyptian Society. It contains three essays, respectively, by Mr. SHARPE, on the "Return of the Phoenix, and the Ethic Period;" by Mr. W. F. AINSWORTH, on the "Topography of Nineveh;" and by Mr. D. W. NASH, on the "Antiquity of the Egyptian Calendar."—Mr. J. A. NOVELLO has published a very little pamphlet on the advantages of giving a distinct name to each hour of the day, proposing to count on to twenty-four o'clock. Why not? It would be more rational.—Mr. JAMES A. BEGG has sent us a clever pamphlet entitled *An Examination of the Authority for a change of the Weekly Sabbath at the Resurrection of Christ*. His purpose is to prove, and he adduces strong arguments in support of his position, that the practice of the Church in substituting the first day of the week for the appointed seventh day, is unsanctioned by the New Testament. This essay will deeply interest the reader, whatever may be his individual opinion on the subject, for it is full of learning.—W. D. BRUCE, Esq., of the Middle Temple, has, in the form of a letter to Mr. MONCKTON MILNES, M.P., directed public attention to the present condition and unsafe state of Parochial Registers in England and the Colonies. He considers that immediate measures should be taken for their safe custody. He mentions one instance in which a rector had actually charged 25*l.* for searching for the birth of one person, and 18*l.* for searching for another, although in neither case was the infor-

mation obtained! Is not this too bad? The thanks of the public are due to Mr. BRUCE for directing attention to this very important subject.—*The Moral Statistics of Glasgow* is a curious pamphlet by Mr. WM. LOGAN, Commissioner of the Scottish Temperance League. It is a complete and valuable analysis of the moral, or rather of the immoral, condition of that great city, the main cause of which is traced to intemperance. It is a startling revelation.—From Mr. BELL, of Fleet-street, we have received a singular *Diagram of the Athenian Constitution in the Time of Demosthenes*. It is an ingenious invention, but must be seen to be understood.—Dr. ANDREW URE has sent us an essay which he has lately published on the *General Malaria of London, and the Peculiar Malaria of Pinckton*. It was suggested by the terrible accident which occurred some time since in the sewer in Warwick-street. Dr. URE describes the methods by which he would remove the impurities, and convert them to beneficial uses.—*A Visit to Sherwood Forest* is a sort of traveller's guide book to Mansfield and the neighbourhood. It is carefully compiled, with the usual enthusiasm of provincial admiration for "self and its belongings."—From Mr. C. H. COTTRELL we have received a pamphlet on the *Religious Movements of Germany in the Nineteenth Century*. It is a learned review, by a well-informed writer, of the present state of religious opinion and controversy in Germany, where the subject has been more freely canvassed than in any other country in the world. It will interest all who take part in the theological discussions now so rife at home.—The Arctic regions have now a melancholy interest, and a lecture on *Arctic Expeditions*, delivered by Mr. WELD, Assistant Secretary to the Royal Society, has just been published by Mr. MURRAY. It is an excellent summary of the progress of discovery.—The *Chrono-Thermatist* is a new periodical, edited by Dr. DICKSON, with a view to promulgate certain views of medicine which he advances under this name.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Second Gallery of Literary Portraits. By GEORGE GILFILLAN. London: Groombridge. Edinburgh: James Hogg. 1850.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

WE are delighted to find a critique on LONGFELLOW in the concluding portion of Mr. GILFILLAN's *Gallery of Literary Portraits*. He is one of the few American writers who do not offend us with their New England notions; he would in fact be truly English, had he not imbibed so much of the metaphysical spirit of Germany, which as yet is foreign to our matter-of-fact common-sense views. But without the dreaminess of that country's literature, he indulges in many speculative flights into the realms of infinite thought. What a rich mental treat is "Hyperion," with its revealings of the human soul,—its brief episodes of incident,—its occasional dashes of humour, and its shrewd satires on life. We like LONGFELLOW's hopeful philosophy, it is an improvement on the sighs of SHELLEY, and the wails of the Byronic muse. In the words of the latter he may well say "I know not if angels weep; but men have wept enough." There are undoubtedly "losses and crosses," sorrow and vexation in our daily existence; but as EURIPIDES says "such things are for endurance not for tears." Why then make poor mortals like mourners, following the funeral of happiness? Better is the advice of LONGFELLOW:

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

Some writers have gone from the depth of gloom to the opposite extreme of extravagant mirth. They make life appear like a comic almanac,—its misfortunes are turned into jokes, and its moralizer is "Punch." But this is folly's worst phase. Life has deeper requirements,—

man has sterner necessities,—they may not be chased away by a smile, or turned aside by a laugh. LONGFELLOW feels sorrow with all the sensitiveness of a poet, but he heals the wounds of the spirit with the balm of philosophy. How beautiful is the following from our favourite "Hyperion":—"The setting of a great hope, is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone, shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection—itsself a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night, the soul withdraws into itself. Then stars arise and the night is holy."

In some respects Mr. GILFILLAN has done LONGFELLOW full justice, but we do not agree with him in terming him "rather a romantic and sentimental than a philosophical poet." There is something better than mere sentiment in his writings, there is searching into the deep mysteries of thought,—into the secret things of nature. There is also a high resolve, an earnestness, a conviction of life's great end and aim in all LONGFELLOW's writings. He combines in a singular and most happy manner the spiritual and the practical. He is like a guide to a traveller ascending a lofty mountain, he ever and anon points out the cloud-capped summit, also warns him of the pitfalls, and urges him on his steep and weary way. It is no new figure of speech to say that life is a battle, but we seldom realize the idea,—if we do philosophise on life à la militaire,—we make it much more like "country quarters," where we may enjoy our *otium cum dignitate*. Persons have called the world a vast lunatic asylum; some render their immediate vicinities like a place "not to be mentioned to ears polite;" certain it is, the wildest poet has never succeeded in proving it a heaven; by others it is more than suspected to be a kind of purgatory; in our private opinion we think it might be likened best to the Court of Chancery. However, be this dwelling of ours what it may, it is evident we are sent here to perform some work, be it of watching, acting, or enduring, and cowardly is he who deserts from the ranks of life, afraid of the combat. LONGFELLOW, in his beautiful psalm of life, most nobly lifts aloft the standard, and gives the rallying cry to the timid and retreating. It matters not that the dead are around him, "the grave is not the gaol," "death is but a circumstance in man's life." Well does he say,

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time.

We fully agree with Mr. Gilfillan's admiration of that too-little known poem of LONGFELLOW's, entitled "Evangeline." The measure is startling in its quaintness, but we think it accords well with the subject, the poetical yet half-civilized country where the scene is laid.

Nothing, says Mr. Gilfillan, can be more truly conceived, or more tenderly expressed, than the picture of that primitive Nova Scotia, and its warm-hearted, hospitable, happy and pious inhabitants. We feel the air of the "Haze-world" around us. The light of the golden age,—itself joy, music and poetry, is shining above. There are evenings of summer or autumn tide so exquisitely beautiful, so complete in their own charms, that the entrance of the moon is felt almost as a painful and superfluous addition; it is like a candle dispelling the weird darkness of a twilight room. So we feel at first, as if Evangeline, when introduced, were an excess of loveliness—an amiable eclipse of the surrounding beauties. But even as the moon, by and by, vindicates her intrusion, and creates her own "holier day," so with the delicate and lovely heroine of

this simple story, she becomes the centre of the entire scene. She is that noblest of characters, a *lady in grain*. She has borrowed her notions and attitudes from the wind-bent trees; her looks have kindled at the stars; her steps she has unwittingly learned from the moving shadows of the clouds. On her way home from confession, "where she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music." Thus should all lives be led, all steps be tuned; and thus they shall, whenever love, instead of law, shall lead the great dance of human life. Purest of virgins, art thou to be dashed to pieces! It seems almost cruel in the past to try her so painfully, and to send her to seek her sole redress in heaven. . . . The descriptions of American scenery in "Evangeline" are in general extremely picturesque and beautiful. Witness this for example:—

Now had the season returned, when the nights grew colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the scorpion enters;
Birds of passage sail'd through the leaden air from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays, to the shores of the tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September,
Wrestled the trees of the forest as Jacob of old with the Angel.

Longfellow's writings are in general prophetic of, and preparatory for, the grand reconciliation of man, both as regards man the individual, and man the species. . . . Both in "Hyperion" and "Evangeline," the agency of sorrow, in purging the eye, subduing the senses, watering all the stronger plants in the soul's garden, is abundantly recognised. . . . We close our paper with feelings of gratitude and respect for our transatlantic author. It is pleasant, in this melancholy world, to "light upon such certain places," where beautiful dreams, and lofty, generous aspirations, lift us up, on a ladder, into ideal regions, which are yet to become real; for every such aspiration is a distinct step upwards to meet our expected New Jerusalem of man, "coming down as a bride adorned for her husband." . . . We love, too, even better than the poetry of this volume, its sunny, genial, human and hopeful spirits. . . . Longfellow sheds a chequered autumnal light, under which your soul, like a river, flows forward, serene, glad and strong.

Of Mrs. HEMANS as a poet, we think Mr. GILFILLAN has judged well. We have always thought that her poetry more resembled the dew drops glistening in the morning sun, than the adamant crystal. It may also be compared to its sweet but monotonous tones to the sound of the falling waters of a cascade, or the rippling brook which murmurs on its course, so gently, sadly, and yet with so musical a cadence. It harmonizes well with the surrounding landscape, and we listen awhile with delight, but anon there comes a feeling of tedium, and we almost wish that some mountain torrent might suddenly mingle with the tranquil stream, and change the unceasing murmur of sweet harmony by breaking even into the wildest dissonances. To Mrs. HEMANS the world always appeared under the influence of a gentle moonlight. There was no fresh day-spring of morning ever visible to her, yet sweetly beautiful is the music of her verse. Of Mrs. HEMANS, Mr. GILFILLAN says,

She reminds us of a poet just named, and whom she passionately admired, namely, Shelley. Like him, drooping, fragile, a reed shaken by the wind, a mighty mind, in sooth, too powerful for the tremulous reed on which it discoursed its music,—like him, the victim of exquisite nervous organization,—like him, verse flowed on and from her, and the sweet sound often overpowered the meaning, kissing it, as it were, to death,—like him she was melancholy, but the sadness of both was musical, tearful, active, not stony, silent and motionless, still less misanthropical and disdainful,—like him she was gentle, playful, they could both run about their prison garden, and dally with the dark chains which they knew bound them till death. Mrs. Hemans was not indeed a *Vates*, she has never reached his heights, nor sounded his depths, yet they are, to our

thought, so strikingly alike as to seem brother and sister, in one beautiful but delicate and dying family.

Most true and excellent are Mr. GILFILLAN's remarks on CORBETT:

It is dangerous to seek to include a whole character in a single epithet, otherwise we might call William Corbett "the genius of common sense." Common sense, possessed in an uncommon degree, and backed by powerful passion, often verges, in its effects and in its nature, on genius. Like genius, it works by intuition; it does not creep nor walk, but leaps to its conclusion. It is to genius an inferior system of short-hand, as swift but not so beautiful, as it may be called genius applied to meaner subjects, and guided by impulses as free, but less lofty. Such a homespun but masculine spirit, had perched upon the shoulder of Swift, and came directly from him to Corbett. . . . One quality strikingly manifest in Corbett, and which had been nurtured by his training, is health. He was essentially a healthy man—he did not, it is true want his peevish and peculiar humours, but the general tone of his mind as well as body was sound and clear. He signally exemplified the words, "Sana mens in sano corpore." Without the border blood and minstrel spirit of Scott, he had much of his soundness, geniality and broad strength. Morbidity was a word he did not recognise as English. Mawkish sentimentalism, in all its shapes, he abhorred, and cant found in him an inexorable foe.

In concluding our remarks on Mr. GILFILLAN's work, we reiterate our opinion that he has executed his task of criticism with singular taste and judgment. He has the good sense and liberality to discover faults and beauties in the same writer. He exalts the genius of the man, but he does not set up the man to be worshipped as an idol. Mr. GILFILLAN's style is peculiarly ornate, every page teems with similes, many passages are eminently poetical, and we feel that, while talking of the poets, "he, too, is of Arcady." This volume of critical essays has many interesting features. It is a sort of a résumé of many of the writings of the last quarter of a century, given by the hand of one who feels the impulse of the new spirit of the age. C. A. F. B.

An Easter Offering. By FREDERIKA BREMER. Translated from the unpublished Swedish MS. By MARY HOWITT. London: Colburn, 1850.

THE charm of Miss BREMER's works consists in her pictures of domestic life. The spirit of *home* pervades all her fictions. The reader is introduced to a family circle, and by degrees he becomes as intimate with every member of it, as if he had known them from childhood, and he is admitted, as it were, to the inner life of each one, so the very souls are revealed to him with a minute and faithful delicacy of drawing that has not its equal among living novelists. She possesses also the happy art of investing the fireside group with a tinge of romance that much heightens the interest of the picture; and, to crown the whole, there is fine and truthful strains of thoroughly wholesome sentiment pervading every page, by whose influence the reader is always more or less affected, so that it is impossible to peruse one of her fictions without being both the better and the wiser for it.

The volume now before us, for the early translation of which we are indebted to MARY HOWITT, whose acquaintance with Miss BREMER enabled her to obtain access to the original MS. before its publication in Sweden opened it to the rivalry of translators here, is not one story; but it is made up of a tale and an essay. The former is entitled *The Light House*, a beautiful narrative, in the best man-

ner of the writer. It is designed to show how seemingly incompatible tempers and tastes in marriage may be brought from a state of hostility or indifference to one of confidence, affection, and mutual respect. AXEL has taken to wife ELLINA, a romantic girl, born amid the cultivated valleys, and their new home is a barren place upon a barren waste, far removed from all her old haunts and associates. ELLINA felt herself lost, and buried in this wilderness. She had children, but she was unhappy and sighed for the society she had left, and in which she was conscious of her capacity to shine. But first hear Miss BREMER ON

MARRIED MEN.

So good was he, that I now take the opportunity of making a confession which I have often had upon my lips, but have hesitated to make from the fear of drawing upon myself the hatred of every married woman. But now I will run the risk—so now for it—some time or other, people must unburden their hearts. I confess, then, that I never find, and never have found a man more loveable, more captivating than when he is a married man; that is to say, a good married man. A man is never so handsome, never so perfect in my eyes as when he is married, as when he is a husband, and the father of a family, supporting, in his manly arms, wife and children, and the whole domestic circle, which, in his entrance into the married state, closes around him and constitutes a part of his home and his world. He is not merely ennobled by this position, but he is actually beautified by it. Then he appears to me as the crown of creation; and it is only such a man as this who is dangerous to me, and with whom I am inclined to fall in love. But then propriety forbids it. And Moses, and all European legislators declare it to be sinful, and all married women would consider it a sacred duty to stonify me.

Nevertheless, I cannot prevent the thing. It is so, and it cannot be otherwise, and my only hope of appeasing those who are excited against me is in my further confession, that no love affects me so pleasantly; the contemplation of no happiness makes me so happy, as that between married people. It is amazing to myself, because it seems to me, that I living unmarried, or mateless, have with that happiness little to do. But it is so, and it always was so.

Nevertheless ELLINA was not happy.

She was now the mother of seven sons. Sickness, anxiety, much labour in rough and smooth, but with limited means, had greatly changed her both outwardly and inwardly. She was an agreeable woman still, but the bloom of her youth was over, and the soul, that soul which anticipated so much that was great and beautiful in life, which believed that it should advance from one brilliancy to another, till its whole world and life became transfigured in beaming light, this soul had long since said farewell to all its anticipations, to its dawning thoughts and hopes, in order to inclose itself within the innumerable weblike filaments of domestic cares and anxieties, daily repeating themselves like the waves upon the rock, like the shadowside of the light-house, like the sighs of the autumnal wind. Ellina fulfilled her duties faithfully. But this did not make her happy. For, although the path of duty leads at last to happiness, as the six working days to the Sabbath, still, in the meantime, people may be unhappy. The deeper wants of Ellina's soul were not satisfied by this path. She felt as if something living and beautiful within her soul had been buried by degrees, as if it had been interred beneath the weight of earthly perplexities and petty cares. She seemed to herself sorrowfully changed.

Ellina was no longer gay; she felt, at times, disposed to weep over herself. That is the way with an infinite number of women. They feel themselves capable of receiving life and all things in one great and beautiful whole. They believed that they should advance, were ascending in knowledge, in love, in joy as in an upward-tending metamorphosis. But the stream of life has carried them away to desolate regions. Their world has become oppressive. They are incased by earthly cares; they are caught in the meshes of petty objects,

of petty thoughts, and petty interests. They are themselves obliged to frame these very meshes. Then does life lose for them its splendour, and the mind its morning-brightness and elasticity; then is the soul dejected; then, not unfrequently, does the temper become soured, and the horizon ever more contracted, ever more gloomy. In some calm moment, they cast an upward glance and look around, and within themselves, with sorrowful astonishment, and exclaim "ought this to be so? Is life nothing more? Was it for nothing else that I have existed?" And they remember the yearnings of their youth. "Dreams!" say they then; "heave a sigh and let fall a tear, and then go on again in the daily weaving and spinning—and spinning until they have spun their shroud, and that is the end of their day on earth."

But it is not merely so with women; no, it is so with many, many men, gifted with fervent and richly-endowed souls. Over the yard measure, the scales, over dry ledger-columns, or in the pulpit, day out and day in, are they conscious of the past within themselves, the feeling, thinking, creative spirit by degrees blunted and deadened, and the heart buried, laid beneath the clod whilst it has truly lived. They also look up sometimes and ask "For what purpose is this life? Why do I live?" These all are souls which are waiting for their Pentecost. Waiting souls! Could I but let you feel, as certainly as I know it myself that it comes! And the glory of its reality will far exceed your most beautiful young dreams.

Her manner had chilled his. By degrees a coolness grows up, and that again almost changes to aversion. Some visitors arrive; one of them discovers the cause of the estrangement between those whom God had joined together and commanded to live in mutual love and honour, and by his judicious advice they are restored to one another; and thus is their reconciliation described:

Ellina stood upon a rock-terrace by the sea-side, close to her home. The night was beautiful, bright and delicious, such as September nights often are on the western coast of Sweden. A deep repose had come over nature after the storms of the previous day. The yellow leaves fell silently from the trees; the flowers being withered as their stalks, but the moon-beam kissed them, and gentle breezes passed, sighing over them. It was as if some power of love were now abroad and full of the spirit of beneficence and reconciliation. Even the billows of the Cattegatt seemed to be under the influence of its fascination, and rolled in softly, as if murmuring of love, and laid themselves upon the granite breast, which so often had fretted and broken their wild swell.

Ellina looked upon the falling leaves, the withered flowers, the gentle moon-beams above them, the fascinated billows, and an indescribable feeling of pain overpowered her. The woman who was otherwise so quiet, now wrung her hands, raised them towards heaven, and exclaimed aloud, whilst the so-long restrained and bitter tears streamed forth over her cheeks:

"Ah! I am merely a faded leaf—a withered flower—but no glance of love rests upon me. Oh! that I might fall as these: might die before my heart dies, before I become embittered in feelings! Father in heaven! take thou me to thy house, because all on earth is closed against me. My children are taken from me; my husband loves me no longer. Youth, health, joy, desire for life, love and hope, all are gone from me—gone for ever!"

But before the upraised arms had dropped, other arms had embraced Ellina, and a voice whispered into her ear:

"What is gone, gone for ever?"

It was the voice of Axel.

But Ellina was too much excited at this moment to reply. She turned from him her tearful countenance and only wept, wept.

He remained silent, but continued to hold her to his breast, that she might weep there. It was kind and manly of Axel.

When Ellina was calmer, he said: "Ellina, come with me to 'our Rest,' on Sprak Island. The night is beautiful, and—I should like to talk with you there."

Ellina went silently, leaning on her husband's arm,

down some steps in the rock, and into a little green skiff, the boys' boat, and called "the North Star," which, now impelled by Axel's vigorous pulls at the oar, sped lightly over the softly-heaving waves.

Both husband and wife sat silent, Ellina with downcast, tear-laden eyes; Axel with his looks resting upon her.

It was not long before they reached a little, rocky island. A tolerably lofty wall of granite rock secured it from the north and east wind, and collected all the rays of the sun in the south. Nature herself had here hewn out in the rock a seat large enough for two persons, and this Axel had made still more convenient for the purpose, whilst he had trained the wild honeysuckle and ivy which grew luxuriously around it, tastefully to wreath and adorn the "Rest in the Rock," as Axel called the place. Axel had done this in the early flowering-time of his love; and hither he would often conduct his young wife, mostly during the calm, autumnal evenings, when the sea was bright, and the winds around the Sprak Island whispered sweet mysteries into the ear of the youthful pair. Frequently had they sat there, in the bosom of the granite rock, and exchanged words and looks of love, and cast bright glances over their coming life, whilst the circling fires, "the wedding-lights up aloft," cast its splendour upon the now rising, and now sinking waves.

It was now very long since they had been there together—several years.

The sprays of the ivy, and the wild shoots of the honeysuckle, grew there luxuriantly, as of old; but they now hung neglected around, from the want of a directing hand.

And now again the pair sat side by side upon the granite seat, with the great sea swelling around them, and the gentle winds sporting around them, and which now seemed busily to whisper, "Speak, speak."

And again Axel, taking Ellina's hand, spoke:—"Ellina," said he, "what is it which is gone—gone for ever?"

Oh, that voice! It was so like that which she heard in the early, beautiful times. Sixteen years rolled back hastily before Ellina's soul.

There could not be a more simple plot; yet how beautifully it is evolved, and how breathless the interest it sustains. Such is the power of art. The other portion of the volume is composed of sketches of the domestic manners of Denmark, under the title of *Life in the North*. From this we will take a few passages, as the opportunities enjoyed by the authoress render her an unexceptionable witness, and we know very little about Denmark.

We do not remember to have seen before so graphic a sketch of

THE FJORDS.

They who have not often seen these fjords, may summon to their aid all the powers of their imagination, and even then will not be fully able to conceive them. Imagine an extent of many miles, full of icebergs, so huge that they descend from two or three hundred fathoms below the surface of the sea. In sailing past them, you see houses, castles, gateways, chimneys, windows, and the like. Some are white, some are blue, some green, according as they are formed of sea or fresh water, whereby their illusion is greatly enhanced, especially when the powerful rays of the sun come in aid. They have an attractive power, which without doubt, is in great measure derived from currents, and by which large ships are in danger of being driven upon them. The Greenlanders are familiar with them, yet, notwithstanding that, many of them pay for this confidence with their lives. But as the seals are fond of their vicinity, they are obliged to seek them there, and win bread or death. Echo is so strong among the icebergs, that when people speak in sailing under them, they not only hear their own words distinctly returned from the summits, but if these are rotten, as it is there called, that is, loose, they are shaken by the sound, and plunge down headlong—and woe to those who are near them!

Here is Miss BREMER'S

CHARACTER OF THE DANES.

The Dane does not willingly talk of his heart. He

will frequently pretend, to himself and others, that he has no great quantity of "that article;" but he is fundamentally a hearty and good-natured man. No one loves more warmly and faithfully than he. First, his fatherland. The Dane loves Denmark as his bride—his young wedded wife. Holger, the Dane, the people's national genius—warm-hearted, true, brave, always at hand in the time of need, is a symbol of the national character.

The Dane in Copenhagen, or the Copenhagen, is not quite so good-natured as the Dane in general. He has frequently head at the expense of heart; he is critical; he has a quick eye for the faults and the ludicrous in his neighbour, especially in the literary world. Holberg's spirit still lives in Copenhagen; and truly this critical disposition is frequently in excess, and truly it exaggerates the little point of ridicule more than is either reasonable or becoming; but this is not dangerous; the good-humoured smile is still not far distant, and the hand is ready for reconciliation. Revenge and malice are unknown to the Dane; he abhors hatred, and if he sees any one pursued by ill-will, he is immediately on his side, crying, "Hold, I cannot allow that."

The Danes in Copenhagen appear to strangers a lively, joyous, life-enjoying, and in the highest degree, excellent, and amiable people—open-hearted, sympathetic, and ready to oblige. In many respects they remind you of the Athenians, for Copenhagen, with its stirring and vivacious populace; its museums, its galleries, and its artists; its learned men, and their lectures; its theatre-life, and the people's enjoyment of it; may well be styled the modern Athens. Copenhagen bears the same relation to Denmark that Paris does to France. It is the centre, the organic point of the nation, where the life and the soul have their seat. Quiet Stockholm would be astonished, could it come on a visit to Copenhagen, and see the life and activity there; and how the people, principally in certain streets, swarm about one another, run amongst each other, throng and push one another, and, as if not troubling themselves about it, retain through it all their good-humour. A silent company in Stockholm would actually be confounded at the bustle and loud loquacity in the drawing-rooms of Copenhagen. This produces not a harmonious, but a lively effect; while the frank kindness which is shown to the stranger cannot but present life to him in a pleasant aspect.

But to praise politeness in drawing-rooms is the same as saying that there is bread in bakers' shops. No, if you will become acquainted with the amiable disposition of the Danish people, you must go into the streets, amongst the people, amongst those who are called the rabble: see them in their traffic and their mutual intercourse; talk with them, ask your way, beg a favour, and so on, and you will be amazed at the goodwill, the politeness, and the readiness to oblige, which you will meet with, till you are compelled to say, "There is no rabble in Copenhagen."

In Copenhagen, you are compelled to say to yourself, "The Danes are a good-looking people." You see so many pleasant countenances, though so few beautiful ones; the contour is more oval, the features finer than Sweden. In Sweden prevails more strength, and beauty of the eyes; in Denmark, a charming and living expression of the mouth; the complexion is fresh, the expression joyous and kind. The ladies dress with taste and elegance. You see many black-silk cloaks, or mantillas; white bonnets, with flowers or feathers, abound on the Esplanade, the Lange-linie, along the Sound, in the Bred-gade, and the Oster-gade.

Dramatic art flourishes there more, perhaps, than in any country in Europe.

THE DRAMA IN DENMARK.

The theatre is the favourite amusement of the Danes, and in truth here is vigorous life; life in the bringing out of the piece; life in its performance; life in the interest felt by the spectators. It is but a small theatre, in which, of late years, so many great pieces have been brought out; so many great performers have made their appearance; but how pleasant—how full of life! There is life in those crowded boxes; a quick perception, a sympathetic movement in its public, which involuntarily communicates itself to all. And there are those boxes appropriated by the court to the

literary men, where the poets sit, where the people behold their favourites, where Thorwaldsen died during a symphony of Beethoven's, where still people say every night, "Look, there sits Oehlenschläger!" Herz! Hauch! Andersen! and many others!

"Not for pleasure only!" is the inscription over the Temple of Thalia in Copenhagen. And he who has seen the tragedies of Oehlenschläger and Herz; the comedies of Holberg, Herz, and Heiberg, of Overskou and Hauch; who has seen them performed here by Nielsen and his wife; by Rosenkilde and his daughter; by Phister and the young Wiche, and the fascinating Mrs. Heiberg, the pearl of the Danish drama; the rarest talent of the whole country; he who has seen the ballets of Bournonville, the most perfect works of art of their kind, will acknowledge that the moral spirit of the North has given an ennobling influence to the magic power of the drama; that the theatre here is not merely for pleasure. We do not merely amuse ourselves; we become better whilst we are amused. The mind is elevated to a noble longing after a higher and more beautiful spectacle than that of every-day life, it receives a presentiment of the grandeur of the human being, whether in his deepest suffering or his highest pleasure.

That which, at the present time, beyond everything else, distinguishes the dramatic art of Denmark is its nationality, its popular character, in the highest sense of the term. They are the people's own heroes and heroines; their own great old times, which cause the popular heart to beat for Palnatokke, Hakon, Jarl, Queen Margerita, Axel and Valborg; it is their own follies and their own original characters which make them laugh so heartily at the comedies of Holberg, at "The April Fools," and many other of Heiberg's pieces; it is the practical, mystical, simple life of the people which charms so much in "The Elves," in the "Disguised Swan," and "The Fairies' hill;" it is the present every-day life over which the people laugh or cry in "A Sunday at Amage," "The Savings' Box," "Opposite Neighbours," and such like. And in this way the drama contributes, in no small degree, to elevate the popular mind.

But we must not too much plunder a little volume which, we hope, will, ere long, be found in every house.

The Rifle Rangers; or Adventures of an Officer in Southern Mexico. By Captain MAYNE REID. In 2 vols. London: Shoberl. 1850.

This appears to be partially a fiction. The author informs us that he served in the American Army through the Mexican War, and that he sought in these volumes to portray the scenery, character, costumes, and customs of the inhabitants of the country in which he passed so many months: that the incidents are substantially true, but, as he admits, coloured. The personages introduced are real, but under fictitious names. The dialogues are, of course, inventions. Thus mingled, we were unable satisfactorily to class this work either in the department of fiction, or in that of "Voyages and Travels," so, to prevent injustice to the author's design, we have introduced it here among the miscellaneous products of literature.

It is, in fact, rather a collection of sketches than a continuous narrative. The thread of the story is extremely slight, and the work would, we think, have gained by abandoning altogether an attempt to give it the shape of a fiction, and by avowing it as a record of the experiences of a soldier in the New World. Each chapter is an incident in itself, as indicated by the titles; thus we have "An Adventure among the Creoles;" "Life on the Island of Lobor;" "Moonlight Scene;" "Going on the Scout;" "Adventure with a Cayman;" "One way of Taming a Bull;" "A Herculean

Feat;" "A Short Fight at Long Shot," and so forth. The style is lively and soldier-like, bold and dashing. A more readable book we have not taken up for some time. It exactly engages the attention without wearying the brain. It is like looking at a succession of brilliant pictures in a moving panorama; you have the pleasure of travel without its fatigues. So here you behold the people and scenery of Mexico as you loll in your easy chair. At this busy season we must be brief with extract; we take, therefore, one entire incident, as preferable to isolated passages.

As characteristic of Mexican warfare we could not, perhaps, find a more thrilling scene than

THE BATTLE WITH THE BLOODHOUNDS.

We stood for some moments gathering breath, and nerving ourselves for the desperate struggle. I could not help looking over the precipice. It was a fearful sight. Below, in a vertical line, two hundred feet below, the stream rushing through the canon broke upon a bed of sharp, jagged rocks, and then glided on in seething, snow-white foam. There was no object between the eye and the water: no jutting ledge—not even a tree to break the fall,—nothing but the spiky boulders below, and the foaming torrent that washed them! It was some minutes before our unnatural enemies made their appearance, but every howl sounded nearer and nearer. Our trail was warm, and we knew they were scenting it on a run. At length, the bushes cracked, and we could see their white breasts gleaming through the leaves. A few more springs, and the foremost bloodhound bounded out upon the bank, and, throwing up his broad jaws, uttered a hideous "growl." He was at fault where we had entered the water. His comrades now dashed out of the thicket, and, joining in a chorus of disappointment, scattered among the stones. An old dog—scarred and cunning—kept along the bank until he had reached the top of the canon. This was where we had made our crossing. Here the hound entered the channel, and, springing from rock to rock, reached the point where we had dragged ourselves out of the water. A short yelp announced to his comrades that he had lifted the scent, and they all threw up their noses and came galloping down. There was a swift current between two borders of basalt. We had leaped this. The old dog reached it, and stood straining upon the spring, when Lincoln fired, and the hound, with a short "wough," dropped in upon his head, and was carried off like a flash! "Counts one less to pitch roes," said the hunter, hastily re-loading his rifle. Without appearing to notice the strange conduct of their leader, the others crossed in a string, and, striking the warm trail, came yelling up the pass. It was a grassy cliff—such as is often seen between two tables of a cliff—and, as the dogs strained upward, we could see their white fangs, and the red blood that had baited them, clotted along their jaws. Another crack from Lincoln's rifle, and the foremost hound truckled back down the gorge. "Two robbed out," cried the hunter, and at the same moment I saw him fling his rifle to the ground. The hounds kept the trail no longer. Their quarry was before them; their howling ended, and they sprang upon us with the silence of the assassin. The next moment we were mingled together,—dogs and men,—in the fearful struggle of life and death! I know not how long this strange encounter lasted. I felt myself grappling with the tawny monsters, and hurling them over the cliff. They sprang at my throat, and I threw out my arms, thrusting them fearlessly between the shining rows of teeth. Then I was free again, and, seizing a leg, and a tail, or the loose flaps of the neck, I dragged a savage brute toward the brink, and, summoning all my strength, dashed him against the brow, that he might tumble howling over. Once I lost my balance, and nearly staggered over the precipice; and at length, panting, bleeding, and exhausted, I fell to the earth. I could struggle no longer. I looked around for my comrades. Clayley and Raoul had sunk upon the grass, and lay, torn and bleeding. Lincoln and Chane holding a hound, were balancing him over the bluff. "Now, murter," cried the hunter; "give him a good heist, and see if we kin pitch him clar on t'other

side, hee—woop,—woo!" And with this ejaculation the kicking animal was launched into the air. I could not resist looking after. The yellow body bounded from the face of the opposite cliff, and fell with a heavy plash upon the water. He was the last of the pack!

The following scrap of natural history is curious:

THE BRIDGE OF MONKEYS.

"Stop a moment, captain,—you shall see." The half-human voices now sounded nearer, and we could perceive that the animals were approaching the spot where we lay. Presently they appeared upon the opposite bank, headed by an old grey chieftain, and officered like so many soldiers. They were, as Raoul had stated, of the comadreja, or ring-tailed tribe. One—an aide-camp, or chief pioneer, perhaps—ran out upon a projecting rock, and, after looking carefully across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back, and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troop. Commands were issued, and fatigue parties were detached and marched to the front. Meanwhile, several of the comadrejas—engineers, no doubt—ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the arroyo. At length, they all collected around a tall cottonwood, that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost—a strong fellow—ran out upon a limb, and, taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped off, and hung head downwards. The next on the limb—also a stout one—climbed down the body of the first, and, whipping his tail tightly around the neck and fore arm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated this manoeuvre upon the second, and the fourth upon the third, and so on; until the last one upon the string rested his fore paws upon the ground! The living chain now commenced swinging backwards and forwards, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he passed the tangent of the oscillating curve. Several others upon the limbs above aided the movement. This continued until the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb, and held fast. This movement was executed adroitly, just at the culminating point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of a too sudden jerk! The chain was now fast at both ends, forming a complete suspension bridge, over which the whole troop, to the number of four or five hundred, passed with the rapidity of thought! It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld, to witness the quizzical expression of countenances along the living chain! The troop was now on the other side, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? This was the question that suggested itself. Manifestly by number one letting go his tail. But then the *point d'appui* on the other side was much lower down, and number one, with half a dozen of his neighbours, would be dashed against the opposite bank, or soured into the water. Here, then, was a problem, and we waited with some curiosity for its solution. It was soon solved. A monkey was now seen attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge; another girdled him in a similar manner, and another, and so on, until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were all powerful fellows; and, running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal. Then a scream from the last monkey of the new formation, warned the tail end that all was ready; and the next moment the whole chain was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The lowermost links now dropped off like a melting candle, while the higher ones leaped to the branches, and came down by the trunk. The whole troop then scampered off into the duppural, and disappeared! "Aw, be the powers Moll Kelly! av thim little crayeaters hasn't more sinse than the humans ov these parts. It's a quare counthry any how. Be me sowl! it bates Bannagher intirely!" A general laugh followed the Irishman's remarks; and we all sprang to our feet, refreshed by our sleep, and lighter in spirits. The storm had disappeared, and the sun, now setting, gleamed in upon us through the broad leaves of the palms. The birds were abroad once

* Oehlenschläger is since 't'e d.

more—brilliant creatures—uttering their sweet songs. Parrots and *troupies* flashed around our heads, and chattered in the branches above. The stream had become fordable, and, leaving our "lair," we crossed over, and struck into the woods on the opposite side.

To make the following intelligible, it is necessary to premise that he had been taken prisoner and condemned to be hung over a precipice. His captors at the moment when he should be swung off changed their mode of execution for the novel one of

HANGING BY THE HEELS.

"Now, Lopez," cried the Padre. I was expecting to be swung out, when I heard him again shout "stay!" at the same time stopping the music. "By heavens! Lopez, I have a better plan," he cried; "why did I not think of it before? It's not too late, yet. Ha! ha! ha! Carrambo! They shall dance upon their heads! That's better, isn't it, Lopez?" "Yes, captain." A cheer from the Yarocho announced their approval of this change in the ceremony. The Padre made a sign to Lopez, who approached him, appearing to receive some directions. I did not at first comprehend the novelty that was about to be introduced. I was not long in ignorance. One of the Yarocho, seizing me by the collar, dragged me back from the ledge, and transferred the noose from my neck to my ankles. Horror heaped upon horror! I was to be hung head downwards, and thus left to die by inches! "That will be much prettier, won't it, Lopez?" "Yes, captain." "The gentleman will have time to make himself ready for heaven before he dies; won't he, Lopez?" "Yes, captain." "Take out the gag! let him have his tongue free; he'll need that to pray with; won't he, Lopez?" "Yes, captain." One of the Yarocho jerked the bayonet roughly from my mouth, almost dislocating my jaw. The power of speech was gone. I could not, if I wished it, have uttered an intelligible word. "Give him his hands, too; he'll need them to keep off the *Lopillotes*, won't he, Lopez?" "Yes, captain." The thought that bound my wrists was cut, leaving my hands free. I was on my back, my feet towards the precipice. A little to my right stood Lopez, holding the rope that was about to launch me into eternity. "Now the music—take the music for your cue, Lopez, then jerk him up!" cried the sharp voice of the fiend. I shut my eyes—waiting for the pull. It was but a moment, but it seemed a lifetime. There was a dead silence—a stillness like that which precedes the bursting of a rock; or the firing of a jubilee-gun. Then I heard the first note of the bugle, and along with it a crack—the crack of a rifle! A man staggered over me, besprinkled my face with blood, and, falling forward, disappeared!

These extracts will commend Captain REID's sketches to the Circulating Libraries.

The Bye-Lanes and Downs of England, with Turf Scenes and Characters. By SYLVANUS. London: Bentley.

SPORTING literature is usually as unintelligible to any but the initiated, as the literature of law or of medicine. "The turf" has a language of its own. Its technicalities demand a dictionary. Yet, to those who understand them, they are singularly racy and expressive. Of late years, indeed, some attempts have been made to render sporting books into the English tongue, but with no very marked success. NIMRON approached nearer to the object than any who have followed him, but even he was obliged occasionally to speak in parables, and express his ideas in slang. SYLVANUS is not exempt from the same defect. He has produced a series of graphic sketches of the personages most famous upon the turf, and of the doings in that not very honourable pursuit, and of the tricks by which fortunes are won and lost there; and the impression he leaves upon our mind is that of considerable doubt whether the villanies it teaches are not a costly price to pay for the boasted benefits

in improving the breed of horses. Even if the result be such, which we doubt, it might reasonably be questioned whether it is desirable to improve the flesh of horses by debasing the souls of men.

SYLVANUS conducts us in succession to a number of race-courses, and describes the most notable personages he supposes to be collected there. And, to do him justice, it must be admitted that he has successfully practised the art of book-making, so as to keep the curiosity of the reader constantly on the stretch by variety.

As the contents of this volume have already appeared in one of the periodicals, we will give only two or three specimens of its style.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

The Duke of Portland won the Derby in 1819 with Tiresias, since which victory we have little prowess to record of his stable.

But of his son, Lord George Bentinck, a volume might be written ere an adequate history could be given of his doings on the turf, from the commencement to the close of his career, so that the reader might form an idea of the unceasing personal care and watchfulness—the stable science and acumen—the deep calculation and study of his subject, by which he alone made an immense, unequalled stud, aided by constant heavy hauls in the ring, and undeviating attention—just balance his expenses! If, indeed, after an outlay of at least 10,000*l.* a year for nearly twenty years, on an average, his winnings did clear his outgoings.

His nominations were legion! hence his forfeits were immense; and, as he is reported to have said, when congratulated upon having won 6,000*l.* on the St. Leger—"And the forfeits! eh? what do they amount to? Winning 6,000*l.* do you call it?"

It was, in fact, a mere tardy return of moneys long advanced; a return made with loss of interest, and a life; for he had scarcely said thus much, ere he returned to Welbeck, and died.

The "Racing Calendar" alone can furnish a true statement of the heavy engagements in the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, Goodwood, Chester, Liverpool, and York entries, into which Lord George Bentinck plunged during his turf career; nor can other authority give a notion of the innumerable matches, and the consequent amount of judgment displayed through their weights and results, made and contended for by his lordship.

The best, and probably the most profitable animal he ever possessed was his mare Crucifix, the winner of the Oaks, and more than eleven races before she reached the age of three years, whose net stakes exceeded 11,000*l.*

Well do we recollect her winning the great event, after an infinity of false starts, and as vividly remember her noble owner, with confidence in his eye, entering the ring a few minutes before it broke up in the town of Epsom, ready to go on backing his mare by laying odds on her. Three to one were at last laid that Crucifix won, and a pretty example she made of the sorry lot opposed to her. Lord George, they say, won 20,000*l.* on this race, and notwithstanding every fresh disappointment in getting off, quietly remarked that "She could not lose;" but, on the contrary, "could afford to flirt with the best of them, if for half a day."

And well he knew his mare; for fifty yards start up that hill, round that turn, and down the straight run in, was of no more object to Crucifix, with the animals she had to contend with, than was Mr. Anstey's few hours' start in jawratory to Lord Palmerston, on a late occasion. Nay, it were far easier to bring the two men together than to have handicapped Crucifix on that day with any mare her own age.

Here is a reminiscence of the manner in which he disposed of his stud, when he undertook the leadership of the Protectionists in Parliament.

"The lot, Payne," said he, at Goodwood, "from old Bay Middleton to Little Kitchener (his 'feather-weight') for ten thousand? Yes, or no?"

"I will give 300*l.* till breakfast-time to-morrow to consider the matter, Bentinck," replied Mr. George Payne, a fine, manly, elegant fellow, of the patrician

corner of the ring. "Give me till then, and I will say yes or no."

"With pleasure, my good fellow," acquiesced his lordship, not giving it a second thought, till reminded of the circumstance by Payne handing him 300*l.* over his muffin, refusing the offer as nonchalantly as it was made, and returning to his "standard" without further comment. Then, Mr. Mostyn, seeing the negotiation concluded, said very quietly, from the lower end of the table, taking an eye for an instant from his letters—

"I'll take the lot, Bentinck, at ten thousand, and will give you a cheque before you go to the course."

"If you please," replied Lord George, and the bargain was completed!

How long it would have taken a brace of Frenchmen, or any other foreigner, to settle such an affair, I refrain to guess.

Now for a pair of portraits of two men famous in their way.

TWO JOCKEYS.

As for Sam (Chifney), he was out-and-out the *beau ideal* of a jockey when in his prime; being for elegance of seat, perfection of hand, judgment of pace, and power in his saddle, was excelled by no man who ever sat in one.

He was the artful dodger of the corps, and came creeping up to his horses in a race, being invariably the last to get off—or rather, in strict truth, they on most occasions came lagging back to him, from the pace telling too soon, when reclining backwards in his seat—letting go his horse on the post, tensioned up to the exact instant, like an animated cross-bow, and dealing a cut with his whip that would have revived a mummy, or made the Bronze Horse at Venice spring from his pedestal—Sam came, with the rush of a tornado at the finish, and often stole a race from animals infinitely his superior, by his consummate calculation and unequalled impetuosity.

When he rode his own horse, Zingaree, for the Claret Stakes, at the Craven Meeting, in 1829, and snatched the race from such men as Jem Robinson and Buckle, his style of riding was the wonder and admiration of the field.

Sam Chifney had not the courage of poor Bill Scott, in his best day, notwithstanding all this well-deserved eulogy; he being, as with many other first-rate men at a finish, always funky when leading with a large field in his rear,—a predicament, indeed, in which he seldom placed himself.

But Bill, on the contrary, would tear away at score through his horses, cut them down like grass, and sail on in front, with the ruck and death clattering after him—had he broken down or fallen—knowing that the condition of his animal was sapping the very heart's blood of those compelled to follow. He never threw away a chance by waiting till some worse horse had stolen in upon him *à la* Chifney; but, if he had "quality," as he expressed himself, he always made use of it, and choked the poor devils contending against him, the first half mile. If, on the reverse, he had a slug to rally, Bill would cut the life out of him, and lift him in first, by force of thew and sinew, if possible. We remember his race with Mundig, when he won the Derby by riding with great energy till within the distance, and finally, by landing him home by sheer dint of steel and whalebone.

Lastly, let us behold

COLONEL MELLISH.

Colonel Mellish was little less than a meteor in the sporting world and dazzling hemisphere of fashion, being probably the most finished example of a high-bred turfite who ever trod the race-course in ancient or modern times.

He would have taken the "whip-hand" from Philip of Macedon! and all but out-Brummeled Brummel in his dress and fastidious habits. With a princely fortune, exquisite taste, many varied accomplishments, and the consummate pluck of a British yeoman at heart, with all his thews and sinews, it is little wonder that Mellish had a relish for life, and indulged himself in all the sports of the field, as became a stalwart gentleman.

He was an artist—painting far beyond the performance of the mere amateur—a fine horseman, a scientific farmer, a brave soldier, and a skilful coachman, having

been, as it is asserted of him, the cleverest man of his day on the turf, especially in handicapping, and making matches, in which few could excel him.

His establishment was terrific! He had at one period of his life thirty-eight race-horses in training, seventeen carriage-horses, a dozen hunters in Leicestershire, four chargers at Brighton, and hacks innumerable; and of course a whole brigade of retainers in his pay. The Colonel made his appearance on the race-ground when in the meridian of his career, in a way never yet imitated or approached.

Driving four white-horses "in hand," with "out-riders" on matches, ridden with harness bridles, and holsters at the saddle-bow; his barouche painted in exquisite taste, the handsome colonel was truly the observed of all observers, as, whirling up to the grandstand, tossing his reins on either hand, and descending as if unseen or the quietest man in life, he mounted one of the thorough-bred hacks, led by the saddle-horse groom in the rear of his retinue, habited, like the rest of his people, in crimson livery, and followed by two other grooms, cantered over the course towards the rubbing-house or warren.

Had he contented himself with only this, and refrained from "flirting with the elephant's tooth," all would have been comparatively well; but vile, insinuating hazard, effecting that which betting in the ring had only partially accomplished, flinched his fair domains, and drove the accomplished colonel to a premature grave!

It is reported of him that he played for 40,000*l.* at a sitting, nay, that he once staked that sum upon a single throw, believing, lost man, that the greatest pleasure in life was to play and to win, and the next best enjoyment, to play and to lose.

Sketches of Life, Character and Scenery in the New Forest; a Series of Tales, Rural, Domestic, Legendary and Humorous. By PHILIP KLITZ. London: Orr and Co. 1850.

THE beautiful scenery of the New Forest cannot but impress the imagination of the casual visitor. But to one who dwells near it, and loves to wander in it, and to seek out its natural beauties, and discourse with its inhabitants, and gather its traditions, it affords themes upon which volumes might be written. Thus it has affected Mr. KLITZ; and having made an intimate acquaintance with it, he has, in the volume before us, given to the world the results, in the form of a series of papers, tales, sketches, and essays, in which are mingled imagination and descriptive power, poetry, eloquence and sentiment. Among the subjects thus handled are "The Laws and the Scenery of the Forest," "Beaulieu Abbey," "Life in the Forest," "Peculiarities of the New Forest Dialect," and some twelve or fourteen tales and traditions. To all acquainted with the locality this will be a most acceptable volume, for it will bring to them reminiscences of scenes to which distance lends enchantment, and which they will, perhaps, love the more because they are parted from them.

Flowers, their Moral Language and Poetry.

By H. G. ADAMS. London: Slater.

THIS is a collection of the best things that poets have sung and wise men uttered about flowers. A delightful little book to put into the pocket for country reading amidst the objects thus celebrated.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

A FEW have come to hand since our last.

The 31st Part of the *Land we Live In*, is devoted to "the Parks and Gardens of London." It is profusely illustrated with the most beautiful wood-cuts.

The *National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge*, Part 39, is fast hastening to completion and will strictly fulfil its original promise. This part extends from the word "Roncesvalles," to the word "Samnites." It has several wood-cuts.

The *Family Herald*, Part 83, is of the same varied character in its contents as its predecessors, changing from grave to gay, and sometimes producing philosophy and sometimes fiction.

Miss BURNETT's *Illustrations of Useful Plants*, No. 126, contains coloured engravings after nature, of the Chian Turpentine Tree and the Cuckoo Flower.

LAW PROPERTY ASSURANCE AND TRUST SOCIETY.

IT being deemed desirable, in consequence of the novelty, as well as extensive public utility of its plans, that this society should submit them to the public in such a form that they and their benefits may be familiarly described in a manner that will make them intelligible to all whom they concern, and which the limits of mere advertisements would not permit, it has been determined to employ the columns of THE CRITIC for this purpose, and to secure the most extensive diffusion of this information among the reading classes, the society will send THE CRITIC gratuitously, and regularly, for the future, to every public Reading-room in the United Kingdom.

The primary object of this society is, as its name implies, the Security of Property by means of Assurance, and with it is conjoined the ASSURANCE OF LIVES, upon the most advantageous principles which experience has established, so that, by the united operations, families may be provided for, estates rendered marketable at their full value, and property, at present locked up, to the inconvenience and often the ruin of widows and children, made as readily transferable as any other.

These important objects it will attain by the application of the principle of Assurance to Property, to which it has not yet been extended. The reader must be aware that a very considerable proportion of the landed property of the United Kingdom, both in houses and land, is held upon leases. For such leases large sums are paid, but when they expire, the capital so paid for them is wholly lost to the purchaser or his family. Now, the design of the *Law Property Assurance and Trust Society* is, to enable all persons having leaseholds to secure themselves against the loss of their capital, by assuring to them the repayment of their capital at the expiration of the lease, in consideration of their paying to the society a small annual sum, proportioned to the length of time the lease has to run. This constitutes the first branch of the business of the society, the ASSURANCE OF LEASEHOLDS, the advantages of which only need to be known to be universally adopted.

In the first place, a lease being an interest which must lapse in a certain time, it is very difficult to raise money upon it by way of mortgage, for the lender feels that the value of his security is diminishing every day, and that, if it should not be paid off, he will lose it altogether.

But with a policy of assurance securing the repayment of the value of the property when the lease expires, money will be readily lent upon it up to the full value, for it will then be quite as good a security as a freehold, or even better, for a freehold may fall in value, while this would always be worth the amount of the policy.

Indeed, it may be anticipated that henceforth no man will lend money upon a leasehold, without requiring it to be assured, to the amount of his mortgage at least, in the *Law Property Assurance and Trust Society*.

So it is with the purchase of leaseholds. They always have a value in the market below their actual value, because so few persons are willing to sink their capital in the purchase of them, that they have not the benefit of competition. But, if accompanied with a policy for a certain amount, their value will be proportioned to that fixed amount, and they will

be eagerly sought as the best investment, instead of being, as now, shunned as the worst.

There is another class of leaseholders to whom the society will be extremely useful. Great numbers of persons have their houses or premises on leases for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, or other shorter or longer terms, with covenants to repair during their tenancy, and to put them in repair when they quit. It is very rarely that provision is made for the expenses thus to be incurred. But by assuring in this office for such a sum as the repairs will cost, the tenant may either have the money for the purpose, when the time for repair arrives, or the office will undertake the necessary repairs for him. Thus entirely relieving him from the responsibilities and anxieties attending a sudden call for a large expenditure, for which he is probably unprepared, and which is always inconvenient, sometimes ruinous.

But we must pause here. We shall resume this subject in the next number.

NATURAL HISTORY.

LION HUNTING AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—*Bolem Frontier, Jan. 28.*—This is the most advanced post in Southern Africa, being about 500 miles in a direct line from the sea-coast at Port Elizabeth, and 300 from Port Natal. A fort, containing powder magazine, commissariat, store ward-room and cells, and mounting four nine-pounders, has been constructed, and burnt-brick gun-sheds, cavalry stables, men's barracks, commissariat and ordnance stores (in addition to those in the fort), built by the two companies of the reserve battalion, 45th Regiment, (who so nobly distinguished themselves at at Bolemplats during the last year), in which they have had the assistance of half-a-dozen Sappers. The only part of the expense to be borne on the Ordnance estimates is about 180*l.*, the remainder will be defrayed from the colonial chest. It is the most requisite and important post on the whole frontier, as it is a great measure cuts off the rebel Boers who crossed the Vaal River from the colony, in which they have numerous friends, with whom they would soon foment new disturbances, were it not for this hindrance. Brevet-Major Blenkinsopp and Captain Bates, of the 45th Regiment, made last week what is considered even here an extraordinary bag in lion shooting. In two mornings, they slaughtered five lions and a leopard, all full-grown animals, and killed within an hour-and-a-half's ride from the cantonment. The major's share of the bag, was three lions and the leopard; the remaining two lions fell of course to the share of Captain Bates, by whom, curious to relate, they were killed with one bullet each, the first at thirty yards, by a shot through the head, the only part of the animal visible in the bush into which it, with two others, had been pursued by the dogs, and the other by a shot through the heart, both fired from horseback, the latter on an open plain, at seventy yards distance. A miss would have brought the animal on him, as she was in the act of charging when the fatal shot was fired. Captain Bates was badly mounted and quite alone, and would have stood no chance in a run with, or rather from, the brute. Thousands of antelopes and quaggas of every variety, cover the vast plains in this neighbourhood, which likewise abound in ostriches and the minor beasts of prey. I should have remarked that Major Blenkinsopp, so well known on the frontier as a first-rate sportsman, could have killed three lions on the first morning in about twenty minutes, but he generously gave up the shot at the third to Captain Bates, who joined him just as the two first bit dust.—*British Army Despatch.*

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

MESMERISM AND DOCTOR ELLIOTSON.—Mesmerism certainly is not plausible. That it should be in the power of the mesmeriser, without actual contact, merely by gesticulation and by an exertion of will, to produce in his patient the trance which, in the language of the science, is called somnambulism; that the somnambulist should lose his general perception of the exterior world, should not hear the conversation around him, should not feel pressure from external bodies, should endure, without pain, a surgical operation, but should receive new powers of perception with

respect to those with whom he is put into what they call relation, should read their thoughts, see the state of their internal organs, detect in them any disorder, and know instinctively what are its appropriate remedies,—all these are phenomena for which we are unprepared by any previous experience. They are not, to use a common word in its derivative sense, likely. They do not resemble anything that we have previously known. We ought not to admit them, except on proof, more than sufficient to support propositions supported by analogy. But it is impossible to deny that to many men of high moral and scientific character the proofs already adduced have appeared sufficient. Nor is it, we think, to be denied that this number is increasing, and that mesmerism is assuming an importance which must, at no distant time, occasion a formal inquiry, in which its errors, which probably are many, will be separated from, what we may be sure are also many, its truths. . . . Dr. Elliotson has all the qualities which Mr. Lewis requires in an unexceptionable witness to a matter of perception. The facts, so far as they were matters of perception, fell within the range of his senses; he attended to them; he possesses a fair amount of intelligence and memory; and he is free from any sinister or misleading interest. His interest, indeed, would have led him to conceal almost all that he has told; for his connexion with mesmerism gave to his reputation a taint of quackery, which, for a time, materially injured his practice. He has also all the rarer qualities which Mr. Lewis requires in a competent authority in matters of inference,—talents, learning, experience, and integrity. If his evidence and his opinions are to be scornfully rejected because he relates phenomena which are not supported by analogical facts, how is the existence of such phenomena to be proved? Are we to adopt the pyrrhonism which maintains that it is more probable that any amount of testimony should be false than that anything differing from what we believe to be the ordinary course of nature should have occurred? On such principles the King of Siam was justified in disbelieving that water can become solid; and the Emperor of China might refuse to be convinced that it is possible to send a message from Peking to Canton in a second.—*Edinburgh Review*.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

A BLIND English composer, named MITCHELL, has produced an opera at Brunswick, which has met with great success. The name of the work is *The Faithful Brothers*; and it is principally remarkable for its simple melodies, its effective choruses, and its brilliant instrumentation.—A brother to Mr. CHARLES and Mr. HAMILTON BRAHAM, will shortly appear in public as a singer. We hear that he has an admirable tenor voice.—By the unanimous report of the privileged few admitted by M. HALEVY to hear parts of the grand opera he has just terminated for Her Majesty's Theatre, written by SCRIBE, on the groundwork of *The Tempest*, it will stand alone among his works. His treatment of the gentle *Miranda*, the eccentric monster, *Caliban*, and the "tricksy *Ariel*," is described to be as poetical as it is beautiful and original. HALEVY's choral writing has long been celebrated, but a chorus of avenging spirits heard amid the howlings of a storm round the sinking ship in this opera is described as altogether *hors de ligne*; a celestial choir is also quoted as among the marvels of the work, which, if it at all justifies what is reported of its beauties by the best judges in Paris, promises to be a veritable *chef d'œuvre*. What may not such artists as SONTAG and LABLACHE, &c., do with a poem so interpreted?—The management of Sadler's Wells Theatre have advertised their intention of instituting a benefit in favour of the Royal Exhibition of 1851, under the patronage and presidency of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE. The management have undertaken to pay all the expenses of the evening:—so that the entire receipts of the house will be applicable to the purpose.—The French government has again accorded to the Italian Theatre a *subvention* which had of late years been withdrawn. The *Opera Comique* holds its pecuniary assistance on the condition of annually giving twenty new acts by native composers.—Mr. C. KEAN has secured for his theatre a new play written by Sir E. B. LYTON.—Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD's new comedy, *The Cat's-paw*, is, at last, in the Haymarket bills.—Mr. MACREADY's illness has led to the postponement of his farewell engagement till October.—M. de LAMARTINE's play, *Toussaint*

L'Ouverture, just produced at the *Théâtre Porte St. Martin*, with M. FREDERIC LEMAITRE in the principal character, has been very successful.

ART.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

At the annual meeting for the distribution of the prizes of the Art-Union of Glasgow, it was announced that the committee have determined to give a premium of 50*l*. for the best painting sent to the exhibition next year.—The Cathedral of Saragossa, one of the most remarkable edifices of the capital of Arragon, has been destroyed by fire.—The French Minister of the Interior has decided on postponing the Exhibition of Painting in Paris until November. The comparative absence from the capital during the fine season of strangers and of rich amateurs likely to be purchasers of pictures, is the motive for this change in the period of opening the Salon.—John Disney, of the Hyde, in the county of Essex, Esq., has presented to the University of Cambridge a valuable collection of ancient marbles and statuary, with the view of its being placed in one of the public buildings of the University, and kept together as an archaeological collection bearing his name.—*Galvani's Messenger* speaks of a scenic effect produced by a M. Peyrebrune. "It consists of an artificial effect, in which the snow-flakes are seen drifting and agitated by the wind in a manner altogether magical. The appearance, as the snow covers the ground, imitatively resembles Nature. This improvement will, in the hands of a judicious play-wright, be effective beyond example."

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.—A complimentary benefit has been given here to Mr. ANDERSON, for his courage and perseverance in undertaking the management. Courage without judgment is the bow and arrow in a blindman's hand, and it appears to us that Mr. ANDERSON has been singularly unlucky in his speculation. The question is, what peculiar species of judgment is he deficient in. It appears that the theatre was to have closed with his benefit, but we now understand that at a general meeting of the company, Mr. ANDERSON proposed, that for the future a portion of the receipts should be taken up every night, before any salaries were paid, to defray the expenses of rent, gas, printing, &c. After these were adjusted, then himself, Mr. VANDENHOFF, and the other employees, to be paid proportionally. If the receipts enabled him to pay full salaries, then of course each to receive the pay originally stipulated for. The announcement seems to have given satisfaction. In fact, it is the old *pis aller* system of a "Commonwealth." *Antigone* is underlined, and had it been so earlier, might have proved a better card than it is now likely to do.

HAYMARKET.—Competition is, theatrically speaking, "A leprosy in the wall," and in our present time a manager has scarcely leisure to announce a new piece ere the same title, and, if possible, subject, is seized by a rival, thrust upon the stage, and sent out to wage war with its brother-idea "over the way." Mr. WEBSTER has produced a *Vicar of Wakefield*, said to be the original and first piece of that name, though that at the STRAND theatre has forestalled its appearance before the public. Mr. STERLING COYNE is the author, and has made a very different version of the story from that adopted by Mr. TAYLOR. For ourselves we prefer the latter, as being a more touching and lifelike picture, though the former is likely to read better. The comic strength infused into the Haymarket piece has able exponents in the KEELEYS, Miss HORTON, and BUCKSTONE, but it is wanting in the pathos of the STRAND version, so superlatively personified by Mrs. GLOVER, Mr. FARREN, and Mrs. STIRLING. Both are good, but neither theatre will gain by the competition. If the STRAND loses a few visitors, the HAYMARKET cannot gain enough to make it worthy of the rivalry.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The performances at the French theatre, during the past fortnight, must have afforded very great pleasure to all those who were sufficiently versed in the French language to follow the text, and appreciate the finished acting of Mademoiselle DENAIN, and M. SAMSON. The rapidity of utterance of the former is so great, that for those, who are not well accustomed to the French stage, it must be difficult to keep pace with her. MOLIERE's play of *Le Misanthrope*, has been played twice. The characters were all

well sustained, but this class of comedy has almost passed out of date; the long speeches fall heavy, and but for such actors as M. SAMSON and Mademoiselle DENAIN, would be insufferably tedious. M. SAMSON's comedy, *La Famille Poisson*, or *Les trois Crispins*, has been repeated, and on each occasion was received with great applause. Mademoiselle DENAIN appeared for the last time on Friday last, and M. SAMSON's engagement is near its conclusion. They give place to Mademoiselle NATHALIE, and M. REGNIER, who will appear on Wednesday next, in SCRIBE's comedy of *La Camaraderie*, and M. LAFONT will play in *Les Demoiselles de St. Cyr*, on Monday, the 6th of May.

PRINCESSES THEATRE.—We shall rejoice when opera—as it is here marred—will have retired to make room for something better than an ill-organized orchestra and commensurate effects. The KEANS, supported by the KEELEYS, are expected to open this house with *clat* in Autumn, and meanwhile we must lend our ears with as much good humour as we can conveniently summon up, to the sounds with which it may please the present management to favour us. *Gustavus the Third* has been revived,—the glory of its famed masquerade shining forth in all the splendour of Mr. MADDOX's tinsel and spangles. Miss PYNE is a great favourite, and very justly so; her simple, chaste style of singing, is, however, little aided by her action. Mademoiselle NAU has her admirers,—Madame MAC FARREN is, to say the least of it, eccentric; Mr. HARRISON's nasal tones, and boisterous action, are applauded to the echo by—the gods! and as all these serve in the piece, and the orchestral department fulfils its duties with not more than the usual amount of blunders, *Gustavus* does as well as anything else as preface to the really beautifully got up *Queen of the Roses*. A new opera was produced at this house on Friday last, entitled the *Orphan of Geneva*. It is composed by Signor F. SCHIRA; the libretto by Mr. C. JEFFERYS. We need say nothing more of the plot than to indicate it as being founded upon the popular melodrama of *Theresa*. It was perfectly successful, is far superior to Signor SCHIRA's former production, *Mina*; and if marked by little originality, is yet full of agreeable melodies; the words, too, are an improvement upon the common-place of BUNN, and the banal insipidities of FITZBALL. The choruses were, however, equivocally intoned on more than one occasion, though in themselves good and characteristic. Miss PYNE's *Theresa* was unaffected and touching; she was in good voice, and her execution of one ballad, "A Poor Unfriended Outcast," was loudly encored. The succeeding recitative may be noticed as the worst thing in the whole opera. It is a gabble of incomprehensible sounds. Miss PYNE, fatigued and harassed as we understood her to have been by a long rehearsal, showed no symptoms of languor or weakness. She never sang better, and wants but a little more fervour to take her place very near the top of our British vocalists. Mr. WEISS was excellent in the villain of the piece, while Mr. ALLEN displayed more than his usual amount of vocal sweetness. The band of the theatre is sadly deficient. Nothing but a complete reorganization can render it capable of fulfilling its duty in a creditable manner.

SADLERS WELLS.—Among other "benefits" taken at this house, which will close for the season shortly, was that of Mr. G. K. DICKINSON, who chose for his appearance on that occasion the part of *Claude Melnott*, in BULWER LYTTON's *Lady of Lyons*. This play has kept a secure hold on the stage, and this more from the sympathy it creates, than from the faultlessness of the conception, or the intrinsic nature of the characters, which are in general somewhat *staggy*. With the exception of *Claude* himself, all the people of the play are old familiar faces; but he is fresh from the painter's canvas—a fine creation. We were much pleased by Mr. DICKINSON's *grasp* (so to speak it) of this character; he is a young artist, whose intelligence marches quietly on with his ambition; no defective taste spurs him into rant; no angular frigidity thrusts him back into common-place. An occasional mannerism, from which few of even our best actors are exempt, and which in this case tends to give a family likeness to certain portions of the characters he undertakes, is the only shade on his merit we can detect; and with far better taste and refinement than are the possessions of Mr. BROOKE and some others we could name, who usurp a higher walk, we wish he could summon up their vigour of lungs. His *physique* is, however, well suited to SADLERS WELLS, where he never appeared to more advantage than on the night of his "Bumper" benefit. As the young (and it is something not to have to assume a youth, which seldom sits easily on the haggard and *use* countenance of the elderly artist) and enthusiastic boy, full of flushed dreams and aspirations, he was all energy and youth,—forming a fine

contrast to the humbled husband he afterwards became, when bending under the load of conscious unworthiness he almost crouches in the presence of the beloved being he has wronged, until at the words "*A Serf! A Slave!*" he starts into manhood, stung into resolution to assert his innate worth by future deservingness! Mr. DICKINSON was eminently successful in this scene, and his pathetic and manly action powerfully excited the feelings of the audience, who summoned him on the stage at the close of the third act. We cannot speak very highly of the *Pauline*. The portrait was not without many good points, but all were marred by over-exertion. Miss EDWARDES has yet to learn that great passions in great minds are rarely accompanied by violent and spasmodic efforts. Now the mind of *Pauline* is a great one—her very pride is not a mean or selfish passion, and the exuberant length of Miss EDWARDES's hysteria entirely destroyed the tragedy of the circumstance. Competition is the rule at this house, as elsewhere. Miss GLYN has appeared as *Bianca*, in *Pasio*, and magnificently did she perform that trying part. We cannot compare it with the *Bianca* of Miss ADDISON, to which we so recently drew the attention of our readers. It would be injustice to both ladies were we to say this one is better than that. Their styles are so different—their readings of the part so distinct—that we must content ourselves by declaring that in one thing they were alike—*effective*. The style of Miss GLYN is more chaste, more Sissonian. She exalts the heroine of MILMAN into a SHAKSPERIAN creation. She was badly supported. With the exception of Mr. YOUNG's *Bartolo*, not one of the characters satisfied us.

Country visitors during the present season, should place upon their lists to be seen without fail, the following interesting and instructive exhibitions:—

THE PANORAMA, LEICESTER SQUARE.—Where will be seen two wonderful views of the Arctic Regions, at Midsummer, and in Midwinter. It is so *real* that an effort is needed to abstract the mind from the scene in the picture to the reality. The Valley of Cashmere, and Pompeii, are the other panoramas at the same place.

THE COLLOSSEUM is a collection of wonders. Paris by Night, a miracle of art; London, by Day; the Cavern of Adelsburg in fac-simile; Swiss Cottages; a fine collection of Statues in the finest exhibition room in England, and above all, the Panorama of Lisbon, with the earthquake made audible and visible.

THE PANORAMA OF THE NILE is a moving picture, representing faithfully the banks of the famous river, with the marvels of antiquity found upon it. This work brings Egypt to you, and saves you the trouble of going to Egypt.

THE DIORAMA is a singular pictorial deception. You see the Castle of Stolzenfels, on the Rhine, at morning, in storm, in sunshine, at night, with the very hues of nature.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION will charm you with the wonders of science, or rather the amusement of science, the chromatope, the microscope, dissolving views, diving-bell, phantasmagoria, and Sir Henry Bishop's lectures on music, illustrated by accompanying voices.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PUBLISHING TRADE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—You have certainly put the publishers both in the book and music trade, as well as your contemporaries, upon the *qui vive*, by the very spirited articles which have lately appeared in your columns upon the subject of assumed copyright in foreign authors, as well as drawn out the feelings and opinions of several able correspondents interested in the proper settlement of the question. Your readers must have been very obtuse in their intellects, or indifferent upon the subject, if they have not discovered in what way the monopolists have "worked the oracle" hitherto: but as the matter requires to be reiterated in order to be fully understood, the following is something like their method of procedure:—Proof sheets of a foreign-published (or to-be-published) work, either in music or literature, are forwarded by pre-concerted arrangements from the Continent, and a day agreed upon when both the original and English reprint shall make their appearance, an entry having first been made at the Stationers' Hall here, corresponding with one at the proper office abroad, for simultaneous publication. This contrivance, especially in musical publications, is completed by the English publishers' name being engraved on the foreign copy (not without some very ludicrous mistakes occasionally), so that if a duplicate should by any accident find its way to the British Capital before the *simultaneous* one comes forth there, and get into the hands

of a rival publisher, seeing his competitor's imprint thereon, he may be deterred from *infringing* on the copyright, the favoured publisher agreeing, if the job is done cleverly, to advance a consideration in the way of "*honorarium*," for the priority accorded to him: or, as one of the learned judges designated the transaction, a sort of "*Honour amongst thieves!*"

To place the matter beyond doubt with the timid or incredulous, a notification is placed under the publisher's name of the English reprint: "*This work is copyright.*"

Does not the whole of this proceeding, from beginning to end, at home and abroad, exhibit the grossest trickery?

To my mind it analogizes with the indication one often sees peeping over the palings of what was once an orchard or fruit garden, but has long since ceased to require such a notice: namely, that "*Man-traps and spring guns are set in these premises.*"

The book publishers do not resort to this kind of "*Be-care*," but they have caused to be entered at Stationers' Hall the works of American writers, for the purpose of appropriating to their own uses acts of Parliament passed exclusively for the benefit of British authors! These acts of Parliament, from Anne to Victoria, say nothing about publishers, except as auxiliary to the author in the application of an assignment.

It is the author, therefore, and he alone, who can give effect to these legislative enactments, and for whom both the National and International Copyright Acts were passed, and not to favour the cupidity of tricksters and traders in literature: consequently, if a British author assign to a British publisher, the law protects the right, but does not enable the latter to give to an alien the birthright of the former, and place the foreign author in a condition to assign by laws which do not recognise him, by merely receiving a colourable sum to hand over his manuscript. Such a transfer may afford the possessor priority of publication, or the opportunity of getting the work first into the market: but this is all it can do. The late important judgment in the case of *Boosey v. Purday*, is working most marvellously in favour of authors, although the monopolist portion of the publishing trade do not relish the idea of their scheme being put an end to, but are moving heaven and earth to bolster up their exploded system by threats and legal intimidation. All will not, however, do—the game is up!

Bohn has just announced in his "*Shilling Series*," the "*Life of Mahomet*," and the "*Genuine Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin*," by Washington Irving, both originally brought out expensively as English "*Copyrights*," but which the reviewer prefaces in his notice of them thus:—"These volumes are suggestive of considerations connected with the question of copyrights here and in America. Mr. Bohn states that, not only are his own volumes printed in America, but that his attempts to make honest arrangements with transatlantic authors are set at naught by competitors at home, as the present state of the law allows no copyright to a foreigner in England." And why this state of things, when the Legislature has made provision for a *better*: except that monopolists may neutralize this plain and just reciprocity, by preventing foreign states doing for our authors what cupidity has assumed for the former?

Here is the beginning and end of the question; it only remains, therefore, that the party through whose instrumentality this consummation will eventually be effected, and by whose unaided efforts the eyes of the public and the trade have opened, at an enormous outlay of time, research, anxiety and pecuniary sacrifice, should be fully reimbursed. Do the trade mean to avail themselves of all this labour, and reap the prodigious benefits which must and will accrue from it, if rightly carried out, without any substantial acknowledgment to the party through whose untiring exertions these results will have been accomplished? Let us hope for the honour of the numerous British authors, whose interests, as well as the publishing trade, is involved in the right settlement of so important a matter, as it affects the literary and musical world, including the fine arts, and everything which has to do with copyright, such will not be the case: for although France, America, and their colleagues, the English monopolists, have been forced to see the necessity of coming into our initiatory law of international copyright, let not the final adjustment of so important a treaty be left to such diplomatists as those who entered into the one between this country and Prussia, the provisions of which, in regard to the importation of foreign reprints of English copyrights, just amount to about the same thing as we have recently put a stop to in regard to Galignani, Xavier, Baudry, and other French publishers of English authors' works. This is virtually an author's question, although the working of it necessarily falls into the hands of their assignees or publishers.

Let, therefore, "*by-gones be by-gones*," in regard to litigation and rival interests, and let the whole trade, particularly those who have had to stand the brunt of this contest, be honestly and earnestly invited to give their impartial consideration and advice in the matter, before any treaties are completed and ratified on either side.

I have had to do with the home and foreign publishing, as well as the importing and exporting of literary and other works for very many years, and therefore feel an interest in the matter beyond the abstract pecuniary consideration, and this must be my apology to you and your numerous readers for the length at which I have entered upon the subject.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

SCRIPTOR.

NECROLOGY

OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND PHYSICIANS.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WE have received intelligence of the death of Wordsworth. He died on the 23rd of April, at about noon, at his residence, Rydal Mount, Windermere.

The life of such a man is in his intellectual activity; it can afford but few materials for biography. Such as they are in the case of the venerated man whose death we now record, we proceed to lay them before the reader.

William Wordsworth was born in the year 1770, at Cockermouth, in Cumberland. His parents were of the middle class, and he was educated, together with his brother, afterwards Dr. Wordsworth, at the Hawkshead Grammar School. Records seldom fail of early evidences of remarkable talent in men who ultimately distinguish themselves; and of Wordsworth we find it said, that at a very early age he exhibited a natural desire for study, a habit of thoughtfulness, and a passion for poetry. Not only was he fond of reciting the poetry of others (as, in later life, he habitually did his own), but he also himself wooed the muse, from whom he was one day to receive the inspiration which has made him famous. It is stated that at thirteen years of age he first made an effort at composition, but, like similar effusions of many others who do not afterwards fructify, it does not appear that any of these immature productions have been preserved. It was not until ten years had elapsed from the time of his boyish efforts that he ventured to appear in print. It is stated that when at school he was distinguished by his devotion to his classical studies; and that the impressions thus created were clear and vivid, may be inferred from the form assumed by his poetical genius in one or two poems written late in life on classical themes. In 1787 he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated. Shortly after he made a pedestrian tour in France, Switzerland and Italy, of which the result was a volume of poems, entitled "*Descriptive Sketches in Verse*." This production was accompanied by another poetical work, entitled the "*Evening Walk*," an "*Epistle to a young Lady from the Lakes in the North of England*." These formed together the young poet's first appeal to the public. They were issued in 1793, and at once arrested the attention of discerning men. Mr. Wordsworth afterwards went to Paris, but was compelled by the "*Reign of Terror*" to return to England. He then made a pedestrian tour in his own country, the result of which was that he settled down or a time in a cottage in Alforton, in Somersetshire, in a picturesque valley, near Nether Stowey. It was here that he began that intimacy with Coleridge, which so much influenced the subsequent intellectual life of both. The account given by Coleridge, in his *Literary Biography*, of the ludicrous position in which he and Wordsworth were placed by the absurd surmises of the rustic authorities that they were disguised emissaries of the French democrats, must be too familiar to the reader to require repetition here. One result of this sojourn in Somersetshire was the publication, in 1798, of a volume of poems, which he entitled "*Lyrical Ballads*." Soon afterwards he went, accompanied by his sister, on a tour in Germany, where he was joined by Coleridge. The two poets were then comparatively unknown to the world, although their originality and the beauty of the little they had done had already rivetted the attention of a few admirers. Thirty years after, when each had asserted his peculiar genius, and had been admitted into the brotherhood of poets, they again visited together the scenes of their early excursion.

In the year 1803, Wordsworth married Miss Mary Hutchinson, of Penrith. They resided at Grassmere, in Westmoreland. In 1807 Mr. Wordsworth published a second volume of the "Lyrical Ballads," and his other poetical works appeared at intervals, sometimes of one, sometimes of two, three, or more years. In 1809 he gave to the world a prose work, now almost forgotten, the object of which was to stimulate the national feeling against the French, by advocating the war in Spain. In 1814 he published his large work, the "Excursion," a poem ill conceived in plan, and wanting the interest of a work of art, but so full of isolated passages of grandeur and beauty, so nobly inspired by an enlarged philosophy and elevated by religious feeling, that even with all its faults it remains a living and enduring testimony to the folly of Lord Byron's hasty and flippant satire. In the year 1815 appeared the poem called "The White Doe of Rylstone," which contains some exquisite passages; and, in the same year, while giving to the world another edition of the "Lyrical Ballads," Mr. Wordsworth condescended to publish a defence of the system on which he had constructed some of his poems. To this he had been provoked by the strictures, justifiable, perhaps, in many respects, which had appeared in the two great quarterly reviews, from the pens of Gifford and Jeffrey. His next publication amounted to a practical defiance of those great despots of the literary world, for in his "Peter Bell," and "The Waggoner," he carried his new system to an extent which, in spite of the poetical power displayed in them, almost shook the faith of those in whom some of his other works had inspired an admiration and veneration almost amounting to worship. His "River Duddon," a collection of descriptive sonnets, some of which are masterpieces, appeared in 1820, followed at long intervals by other works, in which the nobler characteristics of his genius were developed, and his attempts to invest with a poetical interest subjects utterly incapable of imaginative treatment were abandoned. With progress of time his fame grew and spread, the objections of his critical detractors lost their influence, and the true characteristics of his genius were more and more appreciated by his countrymen. To this result the accomplished editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* contributed in a main degree, by his earnest and manly out-speaking on behalf of one against whom prejudices had been excited by brilliant and clever, but superficial critics, who had seized upon obvious caprices of his genius, but had scarcely given their due weight to his extraordinary and original excellence. Mr. Wordsworth had early received the appointment of Distributor of Stamps for the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland. This, with the tardy though sure profits of his works, enabled him to live in a dignified independence, in the midst of those beautiful scenes by which so much of his best poetry had been inspired. On the death of Southey, he was nominated to the post of Poet Laureate. In this capacity he wrote an ode on Her Majesty's visit to Cambridge. Of the late years of the life of this honoured poet, whose name is already enshrined with those of the most illustrious, we have nothing further to record. Dying at fourscore years of age, Wordsworth enjoyed the happiness, so rarely given to men of the highest order of intellect, of contemplating the certainty of his own fame, and of seeing reversed by his contemporaries those hasty judgments which are usually left to the retribution or the contempt of posterity.

Neither time nor the occasion calls for or allows any attempt to criticise in this place the poetry of Wordsworth. The strongest evidence of his genius is, that in spite of the deliberate extravagance of some of his works, he should have inspired so intense an admiration and so sincere a veneration. The proofs of his genius as a poet require to be sought for, not in the forms which he adopted, but in isolated passages scattered through poems not in themselves attractive or beautiful, and in small effusions of a fugitive character. To recall associations of reverence and delight, we need only mention the "Recollections of Early Childhood," the "Lines on re-visiting Tintern Abbey," some of the Sonnets, the "Highland Girl," and some passages in "The Excursion," not excelled in grandeur by any poetry in our own language. Opposite in character, and more artistic in form, are the "Dion" and the "Laodamia." But more to our immediate purpose is it to remind the reader that the poems of Wordsworth, following as they did upon the feverish excitement created by Lord Byron, exercised, slowly, perhaps, but permanently, a deep and renovating moral influence on the growing mind of the nation. The deep devotional feeling with which his descriptions of nature and his reflections on life are inspired, attests that Wordsworth was in the highest and purest sense of the term a poet. —*Morning Chronicle*.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

Mr. F. K. HUNT's "Fourth Estate" has received much attention, and will yet have greater praise. The history of newspapers was too novel a subject not to attract notice; but, ably treated as it is by so accomplished a journalist as Mr. Hunt, we cannot wonder that it is one of the publishing "hits" of the season. Anticipation is busy respecting Professor Newman's promised new work, "Phases of Faith; or Passages from the History of my own Creed;" and the Rev. H. Christmas's "Phantom World" has already raised expectations which, we doubt not, will be amply justified by the work. In the way of fiction there is not much to notice. "The Past, the Present, and the Future," is a successful book, and has been attributed to a lady, whom gossips are endeavouring in vain to discover, but in whom they acknowledge that the world has another strong female mind. Angus Reach is about to commit himself to the hazard of a complete tale. Some of our recollections of "Clement Lorimer" are favourable; and Mr. Reach has shown that he has much talent for writing, by his "Letters from the Manufacturing Districts," recently published in *The Morning Chronicle*. Of new editions there is a perfect flood: three separate publishers have announced shilling series of Washington Irving's new tale of "Bracebridge Hall," and each one expects a large sale in America! Irving's "Sketch Book," and his "Tales of a Traveller," are also to appear in a cheap form: in fact, the cheap caterers are determined to supplant Albermarle and Burlington-streets. We still feel surprise that none venture to reprint Mr. Prescott's novel and valuable histories. A six-shilling edition (the 4th) of "Jane Eyre" is announced, and the demand for Mr. Cunningham's "London" has been so extensive, that a reprint is already found necessary. A new edition of "Clarkson's Life of Penn." has appeared. The editor runs a-tilt at Macaulay for his very flowery, but incorrect, estimate of the great philanthropist.

The death of Wordsworth has called forth but few regrets. His seclusion, and continued delicate health, had already well nigh consigned the man to the tomb of the forgotten; and his exit from life has revived the question why he was remembered and revered at all? Another discussion has arisen—shall the laureateship be discontinued? We have no partiality for this particular form of pension; but we should be sorry to see the revenue turned from its present channel, for, to literary men, the generosity of the country is already sufficiently limited.

About 2,000*l.* is said to have been contributed towards the proposed monument to Lord Jeffrey.

A return has been printed, obtained by Mr. Hutt, of the cost of preparing for publication, and of printing and publishing the work entitled "Monumenta Historica Britannica, or Materials for the History of Britain." The result shows the cost of the work amounted to 9,742*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.*, when 750 were printed. There were forty-six sold at five guineas each, and fifty-eight given away. When the return was made, there were 610 numbers of the work unsold. The documents contains some letters from the Master of the Rolls, as record keeper to the Home Secretary, and others.—Two hundred and twenty-nine designs for the building to be erected in Hyde Park on the occasion of the Exhibition of 1851, have been sent in to the Royal Commissioners. Of these, 34 are contributed by foreigners; 128 by residents in London; 50 by residents in provincial towns of England; 6 by residents in Scotland; 3 by residents in Ireland; and 7 are anonymous.—Tuesday se'night being the anniversary of Shakspeare's birth-day, and the weather beautifully fine, a large number of visitors were attracted to Stratford-upon-Avon, to witness or participate in the commemorative festivities of the day. The house, which is the poet's reputed birth-place, and also the church, were prominent objects of attraction. A numerous meeting of the Royal Shakspearean Club, under the presidency of Dr. Thomas Thompson, was held at the Town Hall, in the afternoon. The report of the committee regretted that the loan from the Stratford bank, for the purchase of the house, had not yet been repaid, but acknowledged the donations of 50*l.* from Earl Amherst, and of 100*l.* from the late Mr. Vernon.—Lord Rosse gave his first soirée as President of the Royal Society, on Saturday week, at his

mansion, in Great Cumberland-street. It was very numerously attended. Amongst the objects of interest in the rooms was Professor Wheatstone's ingenious apparatus for illustrating the undulatory theory of light. —On Tuesday week, Mr. Milner Gibson's motion for the abolition of the "Taxes on knowledge," viz.:—1. The Excise duty on Paper, producing at present about 800,000*l.* a-year;—2. The Stamp duty on Newspapers, yielding 350,000*l.* a-year;—3. The duty on Advertisements, yielding 153,000*l.* a-year;—and 4. The Customs Duty on Foreign Books, yielding 8,000*l.*, was lost in the House of Commons by a majority of 190 against 89.—On Wednesday last the Second Anniversary Dinner of the "Whittington Club and Metropolitan Athenæum," was held in the great room of the Institution in the Strand; Mr. Lushington presiding, surrounded by a body of distinguished visitors.—The "Lady Franklin," Captain Penny, and the "Sophia," Captain Stewart, sailed from Aberdeen on Saturday last, bound for the North Polar Sea, in search of Sir John Franklin and his companions. They are fine strong-built clipper brigs, with crews of twenty-five men each, and Captain Penny has had great experience in the navigation of the icy regions.—A dozen copies of the Esquimaux vocabulary, compiled by Captain Washington, R.N., and published by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty for the use of the Arctic Expeditions, were despatched to New York by the Cambria mail steamer on the 13th April to Mr. H. Grinnell, the generous merchant of that city, who is fitting out a private expedition from the United States of America to go in search of Sir John Franklin and his companions. A similar number of the vocabulary were forwarded to Captain Penny, at Aberdeen, for the use of the two ships under his command, which were to sail on Saturday afternoon for Davis's Straits. It is worthy of notice, as showing the liberal feeling that animates all parties with reference to the Arctic Expeditions, that the British and North American Royal Mail Steam-packet Company having accidentally learnt the contents of the parcel, refused to receive any payment for its carriage.

Monsignore Gazola, the editor of the *Contemporaneo* of Rome, who had been condemned by the ecclesiastical commission to confinement in the galleys for life, for having written against the infallibility of the Pope as a temporal prince, has made his escape from the castle of St. Angelo.—The copyright of the *Reforme*, of which M. Flocon was formerly editor, has been sold for 4,000*fr.* M. Buvignier, formerly a representative of the Red faction, is the purchaser.—A M. Jules Aleix, of Paris, states that he has discovered a new method of education, by which a child can be taught to read in fifteen lessons, and has petitioned the Assembly to expend 50,000 francs on a model school to demonstrate the fact.—Intelligence from Mosul has been received to the 4th of March. Mr. Layard and his party are still carrying on their excavations at Nimrod and Nineveh. A large number of copper vessels beautifully engraved have been found in the former, and from the latter a large assortment of fine slabs, illustrative of the rule, conquests, domestic life, and arts of the ancient Assyrians, are daily coming to light, and are committed to paper by the able artist, Mr. Cooper, one of the expedition. Mr. Layard intends to make a trip to the Chaboor, the Chaboras of the Romans, and to visit Reish Aina, the Resen of Scripture, where he hopes to find a treasure of Assyrian remains.—At Jever, in the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg, a remarkable discovery was recently made, composed of about 4,000 pieces of silver money of the period of the different Emperors down to Antoninus the Pious. There is every probability that a Roman merchant vessel was wrecked on a sand-bank in that neighbourhood some fifteen hundred years ago. Part of these coins unfortunately were sold or smelted down by the labourers who made the discovery.—The extensive dredging now carrying on in the bed of the Seine in Paris every day furnishes fresh objects of curiosity and interest to archaeologists, in the shape of weapons of all sorts, medals, vases, spurs of horsemen, and remains of old armour.

EUGENE SUE.

THE *Ordre* has the following under the head of "The Sensualist Candidate of the Socialists:"—"What is it that has procured citizen Eugene Sue the applause of

the Conclave? It is this sentence of the romance writer, quoted by the celebrated delegate Citizen Miot, as containing the solution of all social questions: "No one has a right to superfluity while any one is in want of necessities." But with Citizen Eugene Sue where does superfluity commence or necessity end? Is, for instance, according to his views, a measure of simple necessity the style which he keeps up at his Château des Bordes? If we may credit a little book published by M. Auguste Johanet, under the title of "*Verité's Sociales Inconnues ou Méconnues*," and in which is found the following picture of the Socialist necessity of Citizen Eugene Sue. The author introduces us into the manor and park of Des Bordes:—

"It is impossible to convey an idea of this luxury, of the sumptuousness of these caprices, of those whims of all kinds; here a dining-room where the sideboards display plate, porcelain, and crystal, with pictures and flowers, to add to the pleasures of the table all the pleasures of the eyes; then an inner gallery, where pictures, statues, drawings, and engravings reproduce subjects the most calculated to excite the imagination. Here is a library full of antiquities, where bookcases contain works bound with unheard-of luxury, where objects of art are multiplied with an absence of calculated affectation, which appears as if wishing to say that they came there naturally. A daylight shaded by the painted glass windows and curtains of the richest stuff gives to this place an air of mystery, invites to silence and to study, and produces those eccentric inspirations which M. Sue gives to the public. A desk richly carved receives sundry manuscripts of the romance writer, the numerous homages sent to Monsieur, as the valet expresses himself, from all the corners of the globe, and which the faithful servant enumerates with the most scrupulous care. Everywhere may be seen gold, silver, silk, velvet, and soft carpets. Everywhere taste and art tax their ingenuity in a thousand ways to produce effect, ornament, and domestic enjoyments. A vast drawing-room, furnished and decorated with all imaginable care, exactly reproduces that of one of the heroines of romance of M. Eugene Sue; and there have been carved on the woodwork of a Gothic mantelpiece medallions representing the Madeleine falling at the feet of our Saviour, who tells her that her sins will be forgiven her, because her love has been strong. An immense looking-glass connects this *salon* with a greenhouse, filled with exotic shrubs and trees, and it is lighted at night with magnificent lustres. The walls are richly decorated, and gold and silver fish are seen swimming in marble basins. In addition to the lustres there are branches for *boiseries*, mixed with the foliage of the trees and plants, to increase the effect when the place is lighted up. A small gallery, lined with odoriferous plants, leads to a circular walk, which surrounds a garden cultivated in the most expensive manner; and there is a fine piece of water with numerous swans on it. The walk is a *chef-d'œuvre* of comfort, for it is alike protected from the wind and the rain, being covered with a dome. It is enclosed with balustrades covered with creeping plants of the choicest nature. It is a sort of terrestrial paradise in the bosom of the Sologne, and beyond it is a park admirably laid out with kiosques, rustic cottages, elegant bridges, and a preserve for pheasants, which supply myriads of birds for the shooting excursions of the illustrious Communist, whose keepers exercise a severe look-out to prevent any person from touching the game. The outbuildings show the same elegance. There is a splendid courtyard leading to the stables for carriage-horses, one of which has his name 'Paradox' marked over his stall. The wood-work is richly painted and varnished, with an infinity of brass ornaments. Near this place is a box exclusively devoted to the favourite mare of Citizen Eugene Sue, the famous 'Good Lady'; it is furnished with even elegance. The harness is kept in the finest order, and there is a communication from the harness-room to the green-houses. The dog-kennels are in the same luxurious style as the stables. Many workmen would think themselves happy to have such habitations. In a walk round the reserved grounds we convinced ourselves that the walks were carefully kept, and here and there are banks of moss for the author to repose upon in his meditations; but the tenants of the environs do not appear to derive any advantage from the vicinity of the great apostle of progress and amelioration. Several of the houses are badly roofed, and the walls are cracked, and the houses are on a level with the marshy soil covered with manure, which gives them the agreeable during two-thirds of the year. On the other hand, however, there is a profuse distribution of little books, such as the *Berger de Kravan*, and other Socialist publications."

If, says the *Ordre*, after copying this account, all that M. Eugene Sue enjoys is *le nécessaire*, in what does he make *le superflu* consist?

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

ST. GEORGE.

BY HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

NO. III.

THE DEPARTURE FROM RHODES.

Oh, heaven, with thine eyes celestial! blue
As e'er stood water in some soundless well,
Shut in by black woods (as a lonely gem
Set in rocks obdurate) shine some cheer down!
The clear waves roll, and the benetting clouds
Catch the white sunlight, as it flashes through
To scatter them in glory. Myriad barks,
Each a gold image in the crystal blue,
Dot with their fancy beaks. Resplendent sea,
Thou'rt touched with crimson flakes, as countless flags
Thick spot thine heaving bosom! Chivalrous
Ensigns that stretch towards that sandy strand.
A dusk sun burns from Egypt: dragon-guards
Mount ragged wings to scare the glancing fleet;
Winning the white clouds, as their snowy sails,
To waft them swifter to that swarthy shore.
Of all those slightly ships that harbour left
Deep hollow'd in the ribs of haughty Rhodes,
But three beat southward through the fiery waves.
Over but three, the hair-like crescent of
The silver moon, like scymetar, springs up;
Or flashing billows roll once more to beauty.
The rest went down, with all their knightly freight,
Caught in that flying magic, which was sent,
Through the thick clouds, unto the Grecian isles.
Old Triton, and the azure depths, he felt,
Saw their clear waves flash as to feet of fiends.
Prodigious portents, and unheard-of risks,
Like harpies, or like vultures, with dry beak,
Hang, hound-like, on one galley, and tear down,
Each after each, some oar-blade; till, distressed,
The tossed ship drives, and on Egyptian rocks
Scatters its bones to bleach, as smitten gold!
Now, Knight, a white star shines in the blue east;
Cast thy good sword ashore, and leap again!
Oh, holy ground, blessed by the Patriarch,
A Christian courage shall thy thickness purge,
And force thy new plague from his ridgy hold,
Bossed as himself!

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this title a periodical collects and diffuses the information required or possessed by its readers on literary matters. A column of THE CRITIC may, perhaps, be usefully devoted to the same good purpose. Any reader requiring information on any topic, should forward his query, and readers who can answer it are requested to do so.]

A Correspondent at Harvard furnishes us with a curious bit of Shakspeariana:—"While turning over Halliwell's New Life of Shakspeare, I noted the various ways in which the poet's name was spelt in the documents therein quoted, and given, as the editor professes, *literatim*. I exercised no particular vigilance, but collected the forty-six varieties given below. The enumeration is as follows:—

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| 1 Shakspeare. | 24 Shaksper. |
| 2 Shakspeare. | 25 Shakspeyre. |
| 3 Shakspre. | 26 Shakspeer. |
| 4 Shakspeyre. | 27 Shaksper. |
| 5 Chacspier. | 28 Shaxspere. |
| 6 Shakspeare. | 29 Shakspeer. |
| 7 Schakspeare. | 30 Shakspeare. |
| 8 Schakspeire. | 31 Shockspeare. |
| 9 Shakspeare. | 32 Shakspeare. |
| 10 Shakspeare. | 33 Shaksxper. |
| 11 Schakspear. | 34 Shaxpeare. |
| 12 Shaxper. | 35 Shaxkespere. |
| 13 Shaxpeer. | 36 Shaxpeare. |
| 14 Shaxpere. | 37 Shakspeere. |
| 15 Shakspeare. | 38 Sackespeer. |
| 16 Shakspeare. | 39 Shakspeare. |
| 17 Shaxspere. | 40 Shagspere. |
| 18 Shaxspere. | 41 Shenpere. |
| 19 Saxpere. | 42 Shakspeheer. |
| 20 Shakspeare. | 43 Shaksphare. |
| 21 Shakspeyr. | 44 Shakspher. |
| 22 Shakspeer. | 45 Shakspeare. |
| 23 Shakspere. | 46 Shakspeere. |

Such forms as *Chacspier*, *Sackespeer*, and *Shagsberd* (which occurs elsewhere), ought not, perhaps, to be called varieties of *Shakspeare*."

The *American Quarterly Register and Magazine*, conducted by James Stryker. This periodical entered on its third volume with the September number. A brief allusion to its contents will exhibit the usefulness of its plan, which is generally a species of contemporary history. Any one whose professional or other pursuits have required him to consult documents or revise facts of recent date, knows the difficulty of ascertaining them from the usual broken files of newspapers. The bulk and perishable character of the latter render them always difficult of preservation. Judge Stryker's Register supplies a convenient substitute always at hand. Thus, we have here before us

first, a judicious historical register, arranged by countries, then a quarterly chronicle, arranged by order of events, miscellaneous statistical papers of a commercial character; original communications on matters of public interest within the scope of the work; miscellany, biography, select documents, &c. Knowledge, industry, and experience, are essential to such a work, and for a basis to them all, a steady support from the public to furnish the material, and hands to get it into shape. The editor has a good eye for his subject, and the countenance of some of the foremost men of the country whose acts it may be frequently his province to record. Libraries, public offices, and counting-rooms, should be furnished with this book of reference.

SCRAPS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

BULWER LYTTON'S "FRIED KIDS."—"Having been invited, at some three weeks' notice, by the author of *Pelham* to a grand déjeuner, or Fête Champêtre, at his Villa near Fulham, Mr. —, upon the afternoon in question found himself driving towards the scene of action. On his arrival there, about two in the afternoon, he joined a large and fashionable company there assembled. Various groups were scattered about, occupied in different ways; a party here were engaged in archery—a party there were listening to some manuscript verses by some unpublished genius, who had basely taken advantage of that courteous forbearance so nearly allied to martyrdom to inflict his undeveloped poems. At a little distance, pacing up and down, were a brace of political economists, busily engaged in paying off the national debt, and very properly inattentive to their own tailors' claims. On the bank of the river was the celebrated novelist himself, chatting to a small party of ladies, one of whom was occupied in fishing with so elegant a rod that Sappho herself need not have despised to use it. Of a sudden there was a faint and highly lady-like scream. "A bite, a bite, Sir Edward," was the fascinating ejaculation of the fair angler. With that presence of mind so eminently characteristic of the beautiful part of creation, she pulled the rod from the water, and there, sure enough, was a monstrous fish, almost as large as a perch. While the poor little thing kicked violently about, the ladies cried with one accord for Sir Edward to secure the struggling prisoner by unhooking it. The baronet looked imploringly first at the ladies, then at the fish, and still more pathetically at his flesh-coloured kid gloves, innocent of a stain. Sir Edward's alarm was apparent; he would have shrunk from brushing the down from off a butterfly's wing, lest he should soil the virgin purity of his kids, but a fish—it was too horrible. The ladies, who seemed to take a fiendish delight in torturing their fastidious host, insisted upon his releasing the poor captive, and appealed loudly to his romantic sympathies. At length one of them, more lively and mischievous than the rest, seized the rod and actually waved it close to Sir Edward's face; throwing his hand out to protect himself, his fingers came in contact with the scaly phenomenon;—then nerving himself for the deed, he resolutely seized the dangerous animal, and extricated it from the hook, threw it into his native element. Lamb has in one of his essays observed, how would men like if some superior being were to go out *manning*, and letting down a hook through the air towards the earth, baited with a beefsteak, draw a man up to heaven, roaring like a bull, with a hook in his gills. Our friend was cordially welcomed by the fish releaser, and finding several of his old friends, rambled about the grounds, chatting first with one, and then another, until he felt all the vulgar sensations of hunger. It was now five o'clock, and no symptoms of the déjeuner; he had unfortunately breakfasted early, and had purposely abstained from lunching, his knowledge of fashionable French being so limited as to translate erroneously the word 'déjeuner,' to mean a meal of that kind. At eight o'clock in the evening the lunch bell rang, and a nonchalant rush was made towards the house. The blaze of light ushered them to the room, where all was laid out in the perfection of Gunter's best manner; but judge our famished friend's dismay, when a rapid survey, like a Napoleon's glance, discovered only the elegances of eating, the ornaments of the appetite, and not its substantialities. Jellies in the shape of crystal mounds; cakes battlemented like the baronial dwellings of feudal tyrants. Trifles light as air, swelling over Chinese dwellings, crimson flushed with vermilion sweets; piles of bon-bons and scented crackers, gorgeously gilded and rainbow-coloured. At each side were flesh-coloured masses of ice creams, flanked by a regiment of infinitesimal mince pies, raspberry tarts, and triangular cheese-cakes. At solemn intervals were Maraschino, Curaçao, Noyau, and other liquors, confined in small decanters about the

size of Eau de Cologne phials, while scattered around were goblets to drink out of, about the size of overgrown thimbles. It was a diabolical improvement (so far as starvation went) on the feast of Tantalus. A glass of water would have had a gigantic look in our friend's eyes perfectly Titanic. A narrower scrutiny discovered to his longing sight two dishes, one a tureen of palish green-looking water, where there were a few diminutive new potatoes, swimming for their lives, and trying to escape, which they did with ease, from the abortive efforts of our friend, who, with a ladle, was doing his best to capture one, to satisfy the cravings of his appetite. The other dish was one of fritters, and presented the appearance of having been made out of Sir Edward's kid gloves dipped in batter, and then elaborately fried. We must draw a veil over our friend's sufferings. After securing a spoonful of jelly—one of the aforementioned small forced-meat balls—a portion of truffle, evanescent and shadowy as mist—(not half so substantial as a good wholesome London November fog, which is at times so thick that it can easily be cut clinging to the knife)—and a glass-thimbleful of maraschino—our friend drove home in his gig through the chill evening air, with his teeth chattering to themselves, and trying to console his importunate gastric juice and empty stomach. He astonished his wife and household on his return home by eating serenely everything in the house in the way of flesh, from a haunch of mutton down to a ham bone, and from the new bread down to the stale crust.—*Powell's Authors of England.*

THE OPEN WINDOW.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravel pathway,
The light and shadow played.
I saw the nursery windows
Wide open to the air,
But the faces of the children
They were no longer there.
The large Newfoundland house-dog
Was standing by the door,
He looked for his little playmates,
Who would return no more.
They walked not under the lindens,
They played not in the hall,
But shadow, and silence, and sadness,
Were hanging over all.
The birds sang in the branches
With sweet, familiar tone,
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone.
And the boy, who walked beside me,
He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah! closer,
I pressed his soft, warm hand.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

DEATHS.

BOWLES.—At Salisbury, on the 7th April, aged 89, the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, canon of Salisbury, and rector of Bremhill, Wilts. He enjoyed a high reputation in his day, both as a poet and a critic; in the former capacity he is best known by his sonnets, in the latter, by his controversy with Lord Byron. He was the intimate friend of Moore, Rogers, Crabbe and Southey. In private life, his kindness and benevolence were widely felt.
BROU.—Late, at Paris, M. Brou, one of the most remarkable artists of the school of David. The number of his works is said to bear but a small proportion to their merit. His principal pictures are "L'Ecole d'Appelles," "La Mort d'Hyacinthe," "La Magicienne," in the Luxembourg, "Les Envoyés de Dieu," in the Church of Saint Sulpice, "La Bataille de Marengo," "Paul et Virginie" and "Renard et Armande."
DULCKEN.—In Harley-street, London, on the 19th April, Madame Dulcken, the accomplished pianist, a German by birth, and sister to Herr David, the well-known violinist and composer. She had been upwards of twenty years a resident in this country, and, we believe, was the first lady-pianist who ever played at the Philharmonic Concerts. She has left a husband and several children to deplore her loss.
PAORT.—On the 9th April, in Sackville-street, Piccadilly, London, Dr. Prout, F.R.S., at an advanced age. He was deservedly well-known to the members of the medical profession, and the public generally by his various contributions to the advancement of medical science, particularly by his Bridgewater Treatise on Chemistry, Meteorology, and the function of Digestion considered with reference to Natural Theology. The lamented deceased had also contributed many valuable papers to the Philosophical Transactions.
TUSSAUD.—Late, in her 90th year, Madame Tussaud, the well-known modeller in wax.
WORDSWORTH.—On the 23rd April, at his residence, Rydalmount, William Wordsworth, the last of the lake poets, aged eighty.

BOOKS, MUSIC, AND WORKS OF ART

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW,

From April 1, to May 1, 1850.

[Some errors in delivery having occurred, we purpose, in future, to acknowledge the receipt of all Books, Music, and Works of Art forwarded for review, and which will be noticed with all convenient speed. Publishers and Authors are requested to apprise the Editor of any Works sent that may not appear in this List.]

From Messrs. KNIGHT and SONS.
Electric Telegraph Manipulation.

From Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL.
Tower of London. By Harrison Ainsworth, Esq. Vol. II. (Cheap Edition.)
Christmas Eve and Easter Day. A Poem. By Robert Browning.

From Messrs. COLBURN.
Reginald Hastings. 3 Vols.
Diary of a Lady's Travels in Barbary. 2 Vols.
Frederika Bremer's Easter Offering.

From Messrs. HOULSTON and STONEMAN.
Latin and English Grammar.
Wright's Biographical Gems.
Mesmerism Tried by the Touchstone of Truth. A Reply to Dr. Ashburne's Remarks on Phrenology, &c.
Light for the Sick Room. By J. Burns, D.D.

From Messrs. LONGMAN and CO.
Tate's Experimental Chemistry.
A Visit to Sherwood Forest.

From Mr. H. G. BOHN.
Virgil. By Davidson. Revised.
Lodge's Portraits. Vol. VI.
People I Have Met. Pictures of Society. (Cheap Edition.)

From Messrs. SIMMS and MINTHAE.
Country Stories. By Miss Mitford. (Cheap Edition.)
Mary Queen of Scots. "Jacob Abbott's History."
Charles the First. Ditto.

From Mr. CHARLES GILPIN.
Pestalozzi's Letters to Greaves. "The Phoenix Library."
Public and Private Life of William Penn. By Clarkson.

From Mr. MASTERS.
Two Sermons Preached in the Parish Church of St. David's, Exeter. By C. C. Bartholomew, A.M.
An Appeal to the People of England on Behalf of their Church. By an English Priest. No. I.

From Mr. BAILLIERE.
Practical Instructions in Animal Magnetism. By J. P. F. Deleuze. (4th Edition.)

From Messrs. DARTON and CO.
Sprays from the Hedgerows? By Mrs. Hadfield.

From Mr. GEORGE BELL.
Flowers from Gethsemane.

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New Forest Sketches.
The General Malaria of London. By Andrew Ure, M.D.

From Mr. LUXFORD.
Industrial Exhibition of 1851. Extract from *The Westminster Review*.

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Progressive Lessons in Social Science.

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Pleasant Pastime.
My Old Pupils.
Romanism in England.

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First Class Book of Physical Geography.

From Mr. BOGUE.
Poems. By Charles Mackay.

From Messrs. SMITH and SON.
Twenty-Four o'Clock. A Few Words on the Advantages of a Distinct Name for Each Hour of the Day.

From Mr. T. C. NEWBY.
Hylton House. By the Author of "The Hen-Pecked Husband." 3 Vols.

From Mr. BUMPES.
Wickenden's Queer Book.

From Messrs. BLACKWOOD and SONS.
Grant's Memorials of the Castle of Edinburgh.

From Mr. GEORGE SLATER.
Flowers; their Moral Language and Poetry. By H. G. Adams.

Marriage: its Origin, Uses, and Duties. A Discourse delivered in the New Jerusalem Church, Cross-street, Hatton Garden. By the Rev. W. Bruce.

From Mr. SHORRELL.
Narrative of Arctic Discovery. By J. J. Shillinglaw.

From Mr. W. P. KENNEDY.
The Principles of Speech and Elocution. By Alexander Melville Bell.

From Mr. JOHN CHAPMAN.
Decay of Traditional Faith. Two Lectures Delivered at Finsbury Chapel, South Place.

From Messrs. J. and C. MOZLEY.
Church and State: Article reprinted from the last number of *The Christian Remembrancer*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRAHAM and HEDLEY'S ROLL COCOA.—Persons anxious to procure Manufactured COCOA in a pure state (especially invalids, to whom the Genuine Article is so essential), are recommended to try the above.

Testimonial from Dr. Ure, the celebrated Author of the "Dictionary of Arts and Manufactures."
"Having been employed by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to analyse and improve the Cocoa and Chocolate, of which 400 tons are annually manufactured for the Navy, at the Deptford Victualling Yard, and having had much experience since in the examination of the same substances, now greatly adulterated in London and elsewhere, I take pleasure in testifying that the Roll Cocoa of Messrs. Graham and Hedley, of Liverpool, is perfectly pure, and so well prepared as to afford, with hot water or milk, a bland, aromatic, salubrious, and highly nutritious article of diet."
(Signed) "ANDREW URE, M.D., F.R.S., &c."
"Analytical Chemist and Professor of Chemistry."

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BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

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INVENTORS and SOLE PATENTEES of the following scientific and useful Inventions, beg to call the attention of the Nobility and Gentry to their latest discovery in the preparation of Soda Water, &c., &c., by their PATENT SODA-WATER and AERATING APPARATUS, by the aid of which Soda-Water, and all aerated waters, can be made and fully charged with Carbonic Acid Gas in a few minutes, and the flattest Beer or Wine can be made as brilliantly sparkling as Champagne in an equally short time, and the expense mere nothing. Price of Machine, 30s. and upwards, which needs only be seen to be appreciated. Adapted for shippers to every climate.

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COUGH, INFLUENZA, or BRON-

CHITIS, cured by KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. Upwards of forty years' experience has fully confirmed the superior reputation of these Lozenges, in the cure of Asthma, Winter Cough, Hoarseness, Shortness of Breath, and other pulmonary maladies. They have deservedly obtained the high patronage of their Majesties the King of Prussia, and the King of Hanover; very many also of the Nobility and Clergy, and of the public generally, use them, under the recommendation of some of the most eminent of the faculty. They have immediate influence over the following cases:—Asthmatic and Consumptive Complaints, Coughs, Shortness of Breath, Hoarseness, &c., &c. Prepared and sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by Thomas Keating, Chemist, &c., No. 79, St. Paul's Church Yard, London. Sold retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Venders in the Kingdom.

Important Testimonial.—Cure of Cough after attack of Influenza.

Dover, 25th February, 1848.
SIR,—Please to send to Messrs. Barclay and Sons for enclosure another dozen of your excellent Cough Lozenges. Having lately had a severe attack of Influenza attended with violent Cough for five days, preventing my lying down in bed, I made trial of your Lozenges, and am happy to say, with the blessing of God, they proved of the greatest service, and their use produced almost instantaneous relief. I give you this intelligence from a desire that others might also be led to make a trial. I hope they will experience the same result.
I remain, your's truly,
O. HAMBROOK.

To Mr. Keating, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard.

Restoration of voice by Keating's Cough Lozenges.

Glasgow, 12th January, 1847.
SIR,—I have great pleasure in informing you of the great good your excellent Cough Lozenges have done me. In December, 1845, I caught a severe cold from riding two or three miles, one very wet night, which settled in my lungs, and quite took away my voice, so that I could not speak above a whisper from that time until December last. I tried all kinds of medicines, but they were of no avail. I was then advised to try your Lozenges, which I did only to please my friends; but before I had finished a 2s. 9d. tin, my voice, to my great joy, came back as strong as ever.

I am, Sir, your's respectfully,
Thomas Keating, Esq. JAMES MARTIN.

Law Property Assurance and Trust Society.

OFFICES, 30, ESSEX STREET, STRAND.

THIS Society is established for the purpose of the ASSURANCE of PROPERTY and other matters connected with its management.

It is now prepared to receive Proposals for the

ASSURANCE OF LEASEHOLDS
ASSURANCE OF COPYHOLDS
ASSURANCE OF LIFEHOLDS
ASSURANCE OF HEALTHY, DISEASED AND
DOUBTFUL LIVES

GRANTING OF ANNUITIES IMMEDIATE OR
DEFERRED

THE GRANTING OF PRESENT ANNUITIES
IN EXCHANGE FOR REVERSIONARY
INTERESTS.

It will also undertake the COLLECTION OF RENTS and the MANAGEMENT OF TRUSTS.

N. B.—All Policies effected in this Office will be INDISPUTABLE in the hands of bonâ fide Mortgagees, Purchasers, and Assignees.

For the better Security of a Provision for Families, no Life Assurance will be avoided by Suicide committed more than Three Months from the date of the Policy.

The following are the Uses and Advantages proposed by this Office :—

Assurance of Leaseholds.

When property is bought upon lease for a term of years, the purchase-money is wholly sunk, and at the expiration of the lease the whole capital is lost to the purchaser or his family.

The object of this Society is to enable the holder of a lease to secure the repayment of his purchase-money on the expiration of the lease, by a small annual payment during its continuance.

Great inconvenience often results to persons taking houses for short terms on repairing leases. They make no provision for the expenses of putting the property in repair, and at the end of the term they are suddenly called upon for a large sum or this purpose. This Society will secure to a tenant, on an annual payment, the sum required for this purpose.

A Leasehold is at present almost incapable of being used as a security for a loan. But by assuring it with this Society, it will be made as valuable as a Freehold for

THE PURPOSE OF MORTGAGE;

for, having a fixed value to the amount assured, money may be safely lent upon it almost to that amount.

If a Leasehold be for sale it will have in the market the same or even greater value than freehold, because of its better security, when accompanied with a Policy granted by this Society.

Assurance of Copyholds.

Copyholders are usually liable to pay fines or heriots on death, or change of tenants. These may be provided for by an assurance in this office.

Assurance of Lifeholds.

Property held upon one or more lives may be assured in this office, so that, upon the dropping of the life, the owner will receive a sufficient sum to pay for the renewal of the life or to reimburse him for the loss of the property.

Life Assurance.

This Society will assure all lives whatever, healthy, doubtful and diseased, at proportionate rates of premium, and either upon a scale which entitles the assured to participate in the profits of the Society or upon a lower nonparticipating scale of premiums.

The peculiar advantage of Assuring a Life in this office, whether as a security for debts or loans, or as a provision for families, are the following :—

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